EXT. OCEAN - DAY

A SLEEK YACHT glides through a calm, blue ocean.

On deck, a CHAMPAGNE CORK pops, crystal glasses overflow with the bubbly liquid.

Widen to find JEANNIE AND RICK, two smiling, adventurous Americans in their mid twenties, dressed in SLEEK JUMPSUITS.

They down the champagne in one gulp and toss the glasses overboard.

Jeannie and Rick clamber onto a strange platform that hangs over the water.

Weighed down with outdoor gear and camera equipment, they are both busily strapping themselves into some sort of complicated harness.

As they clasp buckles and tighten cords, we notice that two taut lines run from their harnesses to two large reels, situated in front of them.

Rick finishes strapping himself in and looks to Jeannie. She gives him a quick nod and a nervous smile.

Rick looks up at the boat's DRIVER and raises his thumb. The Driver flashes a smile...and opens up the throttle.

With a loud roar, the yacht shoots forward with incredible power. Soon, the boat is whipping across the rolling ocean, spraying water whenever it hits a swell.

At the stern, the wind is getting quite strong. Rick and Jeannie are leaning back over the passing water, intently watching the Driver.

As the boat picks even more speed, the Driver eyes the speedometer...and raises his hand.

Right on cue, Rick and Jeannie grab the end of a short cord, attached to their harnesses, and anxiously await their signal.

And as the Driver drops his hand - the two Americans pull the cords.

IN A FLASH, TWO BRIGHTLY COLORED PARASAILS BLOSSOM OUT BEHIND THEM - AND BOTH JEANNIE AND RICK ARE YANKED INTO THE AIR.

The giant reels spin furiously as the lines are quickly released.

The Driver glances back at the reels, then follows the lines upwards to find...Rick and Jeannie, silhouetted in the sun.

High overhead, the two Americans are floating in wonderful, quiet splendor. The motor of the boat now sounds strangely distant. The ocean spreads out to the horizon.

Down below, the driver is shouting up at them - circling with his arm.

Rick and Jeannie exchange an excited smile...and unhook the lines connecting them to the boat.

Catching an updraft, the two PARASAILERS float upwards. With amazing control, they weave through the sky like two graceful birds. And as they effortlessly make their way forward...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL THEIR DESTINATION: THE DAUNTING ISLAND OF ISLA SORNA, RISING SHARPLY OUT OF THE OCEAN.

EXT. STATE BUILDING - COSTA RICA

A beat up TAXICAB pulls to halt before an impressive governmental building.

In the back of the cab is HARLAN FINCH. Rugged good looks and a sense that he's seen the world, Finch is an African-American representative of the State Department. Right now, he's handing the TAXI DRIVER a couple of bills.

FINCH
Gracias.

TAXI DRIVER
Gracias, senior.

And Finch's door is opened by his young, straight-laced assistant, DOUG PARKS.

Finch hops out of the cab and marches toward the building with Parks.

FINCH
Sorry I'm late. We were fogged in at Dulles.

PARKS
We've got the Minister for about five minutes between meetings.

FINCH
Is he excited to see me?

But Parks can only shake his head and smile. And as they approach the doors.

PARKS
What happened to the car I sent you?

FINCH
I never found it.

Parks nods.

PARKS
That cabbie just charged you a week's worth of fares.

And Parks enters the building as Finch holds the door.

FINCH
It's good to be back.

INT. STATE BUILDING LOBBY

Finch strides through a bustling lobby with the Costa Rican Minister of the Interior, CARLOS LOPEZ, a pensive, gray-haired man.

Parks follows closely behind.

FINCH
The driver of the boat says he went back to their pick up point for the next three days. They never showed up.

MINISTER LOPEZ
I've already alerted the proper authorities. They're patrolling the area as we speak. I'm sure they can handle the situation.

FINCH
I appreciate the effort, Senior Lopez, but frankly, I don't see how that addresses the larger issue at hand.

The Minister slows to a halt and turns warily to Finch.

MINISTER LOPEZ
And what issue is that?

FINCH
That they never should've gotten that far to begin with.

Lopez eyes him.

FINCH (CONT'D)
In the past year alone, one documentary crew and who knows how many thrill-seekers have disappeared on that island.

MINISTER LOPEZ
Mr. Finch, we have quarantined this island. We've got a no fly zone over the entire area. Our government can't be responsible for every rich, spoiled American foolish enough to take on Isla Sorna.

FINCH
The State Department feels otherwise.

Lopez considers him. Too much of a politician to show his true anger - he smiles instead.

MINISTER LOPEZ
Last time I checked the treaty, this matter fell under the jurisdiction of Costa Rica, not the US State Department. Now if you'll excuse me, gentlemen.

On that, Minister Lopez continues on his way. Parks forces a smile.

PARKS
Well, *that* went well.

And as the two men share a look of frustration...

SIMONE (OS)
Harlan Finch?

Finch turns to find SIMONE GARCIA, a young, Costa Rican Doctor and passionate environmentalist.

Beside her is San Jose's POLICE CHIEF, an unassuming, amiable man with a police cap tilted back on his head.

SIMONE (CONT'D)
I'm Simone Garcia. This is Police Chief Hernandez. Can we talk to you in private?

FINCH
About what?

POLICE CHIEF
You might want to come to the station.

INT. CORRIDOR - POLICE HEADQUARTERS

The Police Chief escorts Finch and Parks into the morgue. Simone is already heading for a corpse, covered by a sheet.

A COUPLE OF OFFICERS trail behind.

POLICE CHIEF
We brought in Simone from the medical school. She's done some research on indigenous wildlife.

SIMONE
This is the first time we've had enough left over to conduct a proper autopsy.

FINCH
What have you come up with?

SIMONE
Slash marks along the torso and legs. Defense wounds on the hands. It's definitely some sort of mauling, but unlike any I've seen.

PARKS
How so?

Garcia whips the sheet off the corpse. Parks gasps involuntarily at the body we can't see.

Simone continues in a matter-of-fact tone, pointing at the wounds as she describes them.

SIMONE
The lacerations are unusually deep, like he was torn right open. There's a puncture wound...here...that actually penetrates the torso. I'm not familiar with any predator around here that could cause this kind of damage.

FINCH
Can I see the remains from any of the other victims?

Simone turns to a wall lined with large, body-sized drawers. As the others gather around, Garcia pulls open one of the drawers to reveal...A MAN'S SHOE.

POLICE CHIEF
Some of the villagers are starting to talk of a *hupia.*

The Officers chuckle. The Chief himself is looking at Finch with a twinkle in his eye.

PARKS
And what's a *hupia?*

SIMONE
A ghost of the night, a faceless vampire who kidnaps small children.

POLICE CHIEF
According to the folk tales, they used to live in the interior mountains but now inhabit the islands off shore.

Finch nods.

FINCH
I sympathize with your situation, but I'm afraid I'll need more than a ghost story to justify American intervention.

SIMONE
Perhaps another T-Rex in San Diego will do the trick.

Finch considers her.

SIMONE (CONT'D)
We could have a catastrophe on our hands, Mr. Finch, and no one in my government wants to do anything about it.

And Finch is clearly troubled by her words.

THE LOUD WAIL OF A SIREN...

EXT. ROAD - UTAH

A POLICE CAR WHIPS PAST ON A DESERT HIGHWAY - LIGHTS FLASHING.

The cop car pulls up beside a SECOND POLICE CAR and a beat-up PICKUP, parked on the side of the road.

Moments later, A JEEP also arrives on the scene. As the vehicle screeches to a halt, out steps ALAN GRANT. A celebrity in the world of paleontology, he's one of only a handful of people who've seen real dinosaurs up close and personal. Right now he's marching toward...

BILLY HUME, his trusted graduate student. Young, handsome, and smart, at the moment Billy's got a nasty-looking bruise on his forehead. He sits on the tailgate of his truck.

The POLICE stand off to the side, jotting down notes and talking amongst themselves.

Billy is clearly distraught. He and Grant silently consider one another before Grant speaks.

GRANT
Are you all right?

BILLY
It's nothing, a bruise.

GRANT
Who did this to you?

BILLY
A couple of guys in a van. I thought they had engine trouble. I pulled over to see if they needed help...

Billy shakes his head, averting Grant's gaze.

BILLY (CONT'D)
They took the entire skeleton.

Grant gravely takes in the words, looking out at the horizon. Billy nervously considers him.

BILLY (CONT'D)
I will get it back.

GRANT
It's already on its way to some millionaire's private collection.

BILLY
We've still got the scans.

Grant nods - relieved.

GRANT
Then let's keep this quiet. We've got a lecture in twenty minutes, and I don't want to scare off any deep pockets.

Billy nods. Seeing that his student is still clearly shaken, Grant places a paternal hand on his shoulder and smiles.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Not to worry, Billy, these bones are everywhere. We haven't dug up one percent of what's out there.

And a relieved Billy nods his head, returning the smile.

EXT. DESERT

A twelve year old MILES ROBY kneels in the dirt. Intelligent and a bit precocious, Miles is currently pulling a small object, about the size of a chestnut, from the sand.

COOPER, an out of shape, middle-aged bodyguard from New Jersey, crouches beside him, peering at the object in question.

Miles dusts it off with a small brush. When the object is revealed, his face alights with an excited smile.

Cooper's not quite sure what he's looking at, but he senses it's something important.

COOPER
What is it?

MILES
A tooth.

COOPER
Get out of here.

MILES
Probably belonging to some kind of Hadrosaur.

COOPER
A Hadra-who?

MILES
An herbivore. You can tell by its shape.

COOPER
So it's old?

MILES
I'd say mid Cretaceous.

COOPER
What's that in English?

MILES
About a hundred million years.

Cooper shakes his head in disbelief, chuckling to himself.

COOPER
Hey, Mr. Roby, get a load of this!

PAUL ROBY, a slightly overdressed middle aged man, marches across the sand.

Confident and occasionally charming, Roby is generally a guarded man. He bends down behind Cooper and Miles and peers at the tooth.

COOPER (CONT'D)
It’s some kind of tooth.

Paul looks to his son and smiles.

PAUL
That’s wonderful, Miles. Just wonderful.

Miles smiles at the praise. In contrast to Paul’s distance, Cooper warmly pats the boy on his back.

COOPER
Your son’s something special, Mr. Roby. A real genius.

WOMAN’S VOICE (OS)
Paul!

As Miles turns toward the voice, his smile quickly fades.

Paul’s business associate, SUSAN BRENTWORTH, an ambitious, intelligent woman in her thirties, struggles across the desert in high heels. Though corporate from head to toe, she’s not without a sense of irony.

Paul rises as she approaches, and the two quietly converse.

SUSAN
There’s definitely some sort of meltdown happening. For once, no one in Chicago claims to know what’s going on.

PAUL
And what about the shareholders?

SUSAN
The board has called an emergency closed-door meeting in Mexico City. As much as I’d hate to leave this little corner of paradise, I think we should be there when it happens.

Paul sighs.

PAUL
Is there no other option?

SUSAN
I don’t think so.

Paul nods his head, then reluctantly turns toward his son.

Miles is already on his feet, averting his father's gaze. Both Miles and Cooper know what's coming next...

PAUL
Hey sport...

MILES
You said we'd stay the week.

PAUL
I know.

MILES
You promised.

PAUL
And I owe you one. Anything you want - name it, and it's yours.

MILES
I want to dig up dinosaurs.

And on that, Miles walks past him. Paul turns after his son.

PAUL
Miles...

But Miles doesn't look back. Instead, he marches dejectedly toward a compound in the distance.

A concerned Cooper glances at Paul, then heads after Miles.

As Paul watches his departing son with genuine regret, we hear a faint voice through a loudspeaker.

SPEAKER VOICE (OS)
The lecture will be starting in ten minutes.

INT. A LARGE TENT

Alan Grant displays highly detailed, three dimensional illustrations of a Raptor skull. He's lecturing to an informal crowd of PALEONTOLOGISTS, STUDENT VOLUNTEERS, and POTENTIAL DONORS.

GRANT
As of yet, no one's been able to carefully study Raptor vocalization.
(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)
Given their unusually high level of intelligence, it’s entirely possible, even likely, that they possess some form of communication.

Grant notices Paul Roby at the back of the room and steers the lecture his direction.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Using impressions found in the snout region of this Utah Raptor, my student, Billy Hume, was able to cast a model resonating chamber.

Grant pulls a small MODEL CHAMBER from his vest pocket.

Murmurs from the audience. Billy watches from the crowd - trying to gauge their mood.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Based on my own experience in the field, I’d say a Velociraptor could produce sounds like this...

And just as he puts his lips to the cast...THE RINGING OF A CELL PHONE.

A few chuckles from the crowd. Susan Brentworth takes the call and quickly leaves the tent. Paul looks after her.

Grant cracks a smile.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Let’s try that again.

As the crowd quiets, Grant blows into the cast. It is an odd sound, almost haunting. It lingers in the air before slowly fading to silence. A magical moment to be sure.

Sitting in the crowd, Miles Roby eagerly raises his hand. Grant ignores him, scanning the crowd for another questioner.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Dr. Keyes?

PALEONTOLOGIST #1
Vocalization is one thing, Alan, and communication quite another. The idea that Raptors possess that kind of intelligence...

GRANT
I’ve seen living Velociraptors hunt in packs.

(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)
I've seen them strategize on a level as sophisticated as any found in the animal kingdom.

Amidst dubious murmurs, Miles raises his hand even higher. And Grant can only ignore the boy for so long.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Yes?

MILES
Mr. Grant, are you saying that dinosaurs actually lived in some sort of society?

Grant grits his teeth. Billy hides a smile.

GRANT
What I am suggesting is that Raptor intelligence is far beyond anything we imagine. Communication is the first step toward any complicated social structure. It fosters a shared consciousness - a group identity that puts the needs of the family before the needs of the individual. Indeed, had dinosaurs not gone extinct sixty-five million years ago, Raptors may very well have evolved into the dominant keystone species humans represent today.

But at this, the crowd erupts in flurry of skeptical chatter.

PALEONTOLOGIST #2
Come on, Alan. This is all nothing but speculation.

GRANT
Warren. Paleontology *itself* is speculation, but now it's speculation that can be proven...or disproven...by observation. We no longer have to rely solely on the fossil record.

PALEONTOLOGIST #3
Then are we to base our science on the amusement park creations of John Hammond?

The crowd chuckles. And Grant takes a moment - smiling.

GRANT
I think you all know how I feel about the debacle of InGen and their Jurassic Park. But perhaps some good can come out of all that synthetic engineering.
(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)
Open the island of Isla Sorna for scientific investigation, and we can make a right out of a biological wrong. The bones can only tell us so much. I propose the building of a substation. If we are to determine whether or not Raptors had the capacity to develop protohuman intelligence, then we must study live animals in their own environment.

And Billy loudly brings his hands together, slowly dragging the audience into half-hearted applause.

Miles leaps to his feet and claps vigorously.

Grant nods his thanks to the crowd, then sees Susan motioning to Paul. He quickly leaves the tent.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE TENT - MINUTES LATER

The crowd mills about after the lecture. Much to his chagrin, Alan Grant is saddled with his latest admirer...

MILES
But if Raptors are as intelligent as you say, and can talk to each other...

GRANT
I didn't say they could talk. Dinosaurs can't talk. I said communicate...

MILES
Then are you familiar with Dr. Hiraga's definition of communication?

But Grant stops in his tracks, bends down, and whispers in the boy's ear.

GRANT
Hey, kid...are you familiar with *my* definition of smart ass?

And on that, the paleontologist leaves Miles in the dust. He is quickly joined by Billy Hume.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Thank God. Get me away from that kid.

BILLY
(smiling)
You were once that kid, Alan.

GRANT
I shudder at the thought. So how'd I do?

BILLY
I think we're still a few dollars shy of that substation.

And Grant looks across the crowd to find...Paul Roby, conversing with Susan Brentworth.

GRANT
Don't sweat it, help is on its way.

When Billy spots Roby, he's clearly dubious.

BILLY
Paul Roby?

GRANT
I don't like any more than you do, Billy, but he's our only donor with the means to make it all happen.

Quickly straightening himself, a determined Grant takes a breath and crosses toward Roby.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Someday, you too will be sucking it up to the rich.

And Billy shakes his head and smiles.

Across the crowd, Cooper is helping himself to a generous portion from a buffet table.

Nearby, Paul and Susan are still talking business.

PAUL
Does anyone know what caused it?

SUSAN
Some screw up. A foreman broke ground on a natural preserve. Now some hippies are chaining themselves to bulldozers.

A smiling Alan Grant approaches. Paul returns the smile.

PAUL
Dr. Grant. Have you met my associate, Susan Brentworth?

GRANT
I don't believe I've had the pleasure.

SUSAN
Our brief stay has been fascinating, Doctor. This paleontology is really almost a science, isn't it?

Grant doesn't like her - forces a smile.

GRANT
Almost, Ms. Brentworth, almost.

Then, leading Paul away, Grant walks him through the crowd. Susan stays with them, followed by Cooper and his food.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Did you enjoy the lecture?

PAUL
Very much. I see you're breaking into some truly exciting territory.

GRANT
I'm glad you think so. Did you have any reactions to the substation idea?

A brief pause.

PAUL
The what?

GRANT
The substation...

But Paul is a blank...

GRANT (CONT'D)
...on Isla Sorna.

And as Paul struggles, Susan steps in ...

SUSAN
The island.

GRANT
Right.

PAUL
Of course.

And as Grant continues, Paul spots his son across the crowd, gazing at a display of excavated bones.

GRANT
If we want to document Raptor intelligence, then there's no substitute to seeing these animals in the flesh.

Still regretting his last encounter with Miles, Paul considers his son...and looks to Grant.

PAUL
Then show me.

GRANT
What?

PAUL
We're heading that way ourselves. Perhaps we could take a pass over the island.

GRANT
I'd love to, Mr. Roby, but -

PAUL
Then it's settled.

SUSAN
Paul, are you sure we've got the time?

PAUL
How long can it take?

GRANT
I'm afraid it's impossible. The Costa Ricans have set up a no fly zone over the entire area.

But Paul clearly doesn't concern himself with such matters. He merely places a hand on Grant's shoulder and smiles.

PAUL
Show my son a living dinosaur, Doctor, and I'll provide the funds for ten of your substations.

Grant is speechless. He stares at Roby with confusion.

GRANT
Your son?

PAUL
I believe you've already met Miles.

Grant turns to find...Miles Roby, his nemesis - now standing beside him and grinning like a Cheshire Cat.

The paleontologist doesn't miss a beat.

GRANT
And what a delightful boy he is!

And as he turns to Paul with a wide smile, they are interrupted by a distant thumping...

Out in the desert, A MILITARY HELICOPTER lands in a cloud of dust. Jumping out of the chopper...Harlan Finch is heading this way.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF CAMP

Grant and Finch walk in the desert.

GRANT
How do you know it wasn't a mountain lion?

Finch hands him a photograph of the latest victim.

FINCH
That had to have been one hell of a mountain lion.

And in fact, Grant can't take his eyes off the mauled corpse.

FINCH (CONT'D)
I want control of Isla Sorna. The Costa Ricans can't stop people from sneaking on. Now it looks like they can't stop animals from sneaking off.

GRANT
What do you want from *me?*

FINCH
You were one of Hammond's guinea pigs. They'll listen to someone like you.

GRANT
Gee thanks.

FINCH
Take a look at the evidence and verify what's causing those attacks.

GRANT
I don't know of a single animal on that island capable of swimming a hundred and twenty miles of open ocean.

Finch considers him and sighs.

FINCH
Look, Grant, you and I both know there are those at State who'd just as soon see this entire island disappear. Take care of this situation before it gets out of hand, or you'll be dealing with someone a lot worse than me.

Grant thinks long and hard, then looks to Finch.

GRANT
The Costa Ricans have repeatedly denied my petition to build a substation.

Finch eyes him. Sensing the makings of a deal, he smiles.

FINCH
Help me get sovereignty over Isla Sorna, and I'll grant you exclusive rights to conduct your investigations.

Grant nods his head. Beside one of the tents, he sees Paul, Susan, Miles, and Cooper, loading up an SUV with luggage.

GRANT
Can you come up with the two million I'll need to get my station up and running?

FINCH
Hardly.

GRANT
Then I'll find my own ride to Costa Rica.

FINCH
This can't wait, Doctor. The hearing's tomorrow at three.

But Grant's already moving on.

GRANT
I'll be there with bells on.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - SUNDOWN

Paul Roby's PRIVATE PLANE, a Beechcraft Kingair 200 Turboprop, sits on an airstrip.

Billy Hume and Alan Grant are marching toward the plane.

BILLY
Is there any chance Finch is right?

But Grant is still skeptical.

GRANT
The thought of one of those animals swimming to shore...

BILLY
What if it somehow got onto a boat?

Grant seriously considers the possibility.

GRANT
Well, there's only one dinosaur with that kind of intelligence.

BILLY
But for a Velociraptor to undertake something like that, there'd have to be a major disruption of its habitat.

GRANT
Like a fire or flood.

BILLY
Or overpopulation.

And as the two board the plane, Grant glances at his student and smiles.

GRANT
How'd you get to be so smart?

Billy smiles at Grant's praise.

BILLY
It certainly couldn't have been my teaching.

On the far side of the craft, Susan is pulling her suitcase from the back of the SUV. Paul steps up beside her with a sly smile...

PAUL
Fancy meeting you here.

Susan turns to him with a twinkle in her eye. They are close - very close. But as Susan reaches for him, Paul pulls slightly away, glancing around to see if anyone is watching.

And the mood is broken. Susan withdraws.

SUSAN
At some point, you're going to have to tell him, you know.

Paul considers her.

PAUL
When he's ready.

SUSAN
(pointed/smiling)
When *who's* ready?

But Paul doesn't answer. He merely returns her smile...and heads toward the other side of the plane.

As Susan watches him go, she looks up at the plane to find... Miles Roby - silently staring at her through a cabin window.

At first, Susan doesn't know what to say. Then she attempts an awkward smile and wave.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Hi, Miles!

But Miles pulls away from the window, and Susan quietly berates herself.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Stupid, stupid, stupid...

INT. PLANE

The group prepares to depart. An excited Miles takes a seat directly beside Grant.

MILES
I want to know about all the island dinosaurs, Dr. Grant, in alphabetical order.

Grant turns helplessly to his graduate student, but Billy can only shake his head and laugh.

Up in the cockpit, TOM UDESKY starts up the Turboprop's engines. A bit younger than Paul, the cavalier pilot sports a wide-brimmed cowboy hat.

Cooper sits beside him.

EXT. AIRSTRIP

THE PLANE'S PROPELLERS TWIRL INTO MOTION.

And the Turboprop rolls forward, quickly gathers speed, and takes off into the setting sun...

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

Somewhere over the Pacific. Susan and Billy are fast asleep. Paul is seated at a table, quietly working.

Across the cabin, an energetic Miles converses with Grant. The paleontologist is nearly comatose.

MILES
Yes, but if a meteor caused the extinction of the dinosaurs...

GRANT
And what makes you think it was a meteor?

MILES
Because everyone knows that.

GRANT
In all honesty, people in this business know very little for certain.

And on that, Grant leans back in his seat and closes his eyes - ending the conversation. But Miles is hardly finished...

MILES
Then what caused the dinosaurs to die?

GRANT
(weary)
Extinction.

MILES
But what caused the extinction?

Grant opens his eyes, sighs in frustration, and nods.

And now Paul Roby watches the two converse.

GRANT
Maybe it *was* a meteor. Maybe it was a changing climate - brought on by volcanic dust clouds. We just don't know.

MILES
But can we ever find out?

A tired Grant considers the boy. But before he can respond...

PAUL
Miles.

Miles turns to his father.

MILES
What?

PAUL
Maybe Dr. Grant would like some sleep.

MILES
But, Dad...

PAUL
Oh, I think we've all heard enough dinosaur talk for one day.

And Paul is already back to his work. Looking out the window, Miles sighs in frustration.

Grant notices the shift in Miles' mood. Though he's not crazy about the kid, he suddenly feels sorry for him. When the boy looks his way, Grant softly replies to his last question.

GRANT
I'm not interested in how they died, Miles. I'm interested in how they lived.

Miles nods his head and smiles. Grant returns the smile, then closes his eyes for the night.

GRANT (CONT'D)
And Miles?

The boy turns to him.

GRANT (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I called you a smart ass.

And Miles watches as Grant drifts off into sleep.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAWN

The sun rises over the pacific.

A thick mist hangs over the still water.

INT. PLANE

In the cockpit, Pilot Udesky strains to see what's below them and checks his instruments.

UDESKY
We should be getting close.

Beside him is Cooper, staring intently forward.

In the cabin, Miles can barely contain himself. Neither can Grant or Billy.

Through the passing clouds, they glimpse the ocean below. And as they peer into the distance, the plane breaks through the clouds to reveal...

THE ISLAND OF ISLA SORNA - steep, volcanic cliffs rising sharply out of the ocean.

MILES
I see it!

Grant sighs in satisfaction.

In the cockpit, Udesky maintains a safe altitude as he crosses over the coastline.

In the cabin, Grant scans the island passing far below. Searching for signs of some sort of natural disruption, he mutters to Billy...

GRANT
Well, everything looks to be in order from here.

Susan looks out with disappointment.

SUSAN
I don't see anything.

MILES
Neither do I. We've got to get closer.

GRANT
(to Paul)
It's probably best to keep a safe distance.

UDESKY (OS)
Technically, we're not supposed to go under than two thousand feet.

But Miles also turns to his father.

MILES
Dad, you promised.

Paul Roby considers Grant and his son. After a few moments, he nods his head, cracks a smile, and calls up to his pilot.

PAUL
We better take her lower, Tom!

Miles beams.

MILES
All right.

UDESKY
Hold on to your hats, boys and girls!

And Grant and Billy exchange a wary glance as Udesky banks wide...

EXT. PLANE

The plane turns, circles around and comes back at the island.

Only this time, Udesky comes in low, very low, just skimming across the water.

INT. PLANE

Grant, no lover of air travel, grips his armrests and nervously watches the waves skim by.

An oblivious Paul turns to him with a smile.

PAUL
You're in for a treat, Doc'. Tom can do things with this plane that defy the laws of gravity.

Grant musters a weak smile.

GRANT
I can hardly wait.

Up in the cockpit, Udesky takes the plane just over the trees.

Cooper looks just a little queasy.

Back in the cabin, Billy eagerly peers out at the island. And just as the sun breaks through the clouds, the plane crosses a ridge to reveal...a brand new world...

Miles' eyes widen as he lets out a quiet gasp. Grant smiles warmly.

LONG-NECKED BRACHIOSAURS are peacefully grazing from the treetops.

THE HEAD OF ONE BRACHIOSAURUS appears out of nowhere. The dinosaur lets out a friendly honk as the plane passes by.

Miles giggles in delight.

Even Paul and Susan are astonished at the sight. The two exchange a private smile.

Up in the cockpit, Udesky takes them over an open plain...

AND NOW HERDS OF HERBIVORES SCATTER BEFORE THEM.

Cooper shakes his head in disbelief.

COOPER
They never had these in Jersey City.

And Udesky takes her even lower - flying a hundred feet off the ground. It's like looking down on the African savannah.

Back in the cabin, Miles is completely mesmerized. Grant looks over at Billy and grins.

The dinosaurs look so close you could touch them.

MILES
They're almost as fast as we are.

And indeed, ONE GAZELLE-LIKE HERBIVORE even seems to playfully keep up with the aircraft.

Susan and Paul marvel with the others.

Up in the cockpit, Cooper laughs outright.

Even Udesky himself can't take his eyes off the spectacle. And just as they are about to clear the top of a ridge...

WHAM - THE TURBOPROP SMASHES INTO SOMETHING.

Back in the cabin, the passengers are thrown by the jolt. And as they look nervously around, Grant mutters...

GRANT
Well, at least we're still airborne.

Then the plane's right engine sputters and quits.

Up in the cockpit, Udesky gives the other engine as much gas as he can, but the plane is rapidly descending.

UDESKY
Sit tight, everyone!

And as Udesky fights the controls, he spots a meadow below. Cooper cringes as Udesky comes in just over a grove of trees...

AND HITS THE MEADOW WITH A SUDDEN THUD.

EXT. MEADOW

The Turboprop churns through the tall grass of the meadow - branches and brush breaking before the nose of the craft.

INT. PLANE

In the cabin, the passengers are firmly jostled in their seats as the plane rumbles across the meadow.

Up in the cockpit, Udesky struggles to slow the craft as they approach a glade of trees at the far end of the meadow.

EXT. GLADE OF TREES

The plane finally comes to rest at the far end of the meadow.

INT. PLANE

The passengers breathe a collective sigh of relief, and Billy glances at a tense Grant.

BILLY
Looks like a good spot for a substation.

Susan realizes she's gripping Paul's hand with white knuckles. And Paul gives her a reassuring squeeze.

EXT. PLANE - MINUTES LATER

Grant exits the plane and warily scans the jungle. The others follow closely behind.

SUSAN
Tell me, cowboy, what sort of pilot hits the side of a mountain?

COOPER
I thought it was a tree.

UDESKY
To tell you the truth, I don't know what it was.

SUSAN
Well, don't think that isn't comforting.

Oblivious to any potential danger, Miles turns to his father.

MILES
Can I do some exploring?

PAUL
Absolutely not.

MILES
I won't go far. Come on, Dad, *please.*

SUSAN
Not to be the incessant voice of reason, Paul, but we've got a meeting in less than twenty-four hours.

Paul nods and his head and turns to his pilot.

PAUL
Look, Tom, why don't you call the authorities.

He tosses Udesky his satellite phone.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Have them fly us out of this mess.

But at this, a sombre Grant speaks up for the first time in the scene.

GRANT
If Tom says he can get us off the island, then I say we do it as fast as possible.

Paul studies him. He's not used to being challenged.

COOPER
The man's got a point, Mr. Roby. Some of those lizards looked awful big.

UDESKY
I just need a few minutes to get her going.

Udesky nods toward the meadow.

UDESKY (CONT'D)
Drag those trunks out of the way, and we should have plenty of room for takeoff.

Paul relents, nodding his head.

PAUL
Then I guess I'm out-voted.

The group heads toward the meadow. As Miles strides forward, Susan catches up to him. She walks beside him for a few moments before speaking.

SUSAN
Are you mad at me?

Miles doesn't look at her.

MILES
No.

SUSAN
Are you sure?

MILES
Yes.

Susan gently stops him - smiling.

SUSAN
I don't believe you, Miles.

Miles averts his eyes.

MILES
I'm not mad.

SUSAN
'Cause I would be.

The boy looks at her.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
If I saw what you saw...between your father and me...
(nodding)
...I think I'd be mad too.

She looks at him with sympathy, but Miles hardens.

MILES
I didn't see anything.

And on that, he runs off.

SUSAN
Miles...

But Miles has already caught up with Cooper. Susan watches as the bodyguard places a friendly hand on the boy's shoulder.

EXT. MEADOW

Alan Grant takes a moment to scan the surrounding trees. We get the sense he's even more nervous than he's letting on.

Stepping up beside him, Billy excitedly considers the view.

BILLY
Well, I finally got my chance to see the island.

GRANT
Let's hope you live to tell about it.

And on that, Grant moves toward a large tree limb, lying in the tall grass.

Billy considers his words, then helps Grant drag the limb.

INT. PLANE - MINUTES LATER

Udesky begins running up the Turboprop's engine - checking its instrument gauges.

As he does so, he takes a moment to see if anyone is watching, then surreptitiously slips into one of the aircraft's parachutes.

EXT. MEADOW

The group struggles with a heavy trunk.

BILLY
One, two, THREE...

And with one mighty heave, the trunk is moved one step closer to the side of the meadow.

Susan looks down at her filthy clothes.

SUSAN
God, I hate the country.

And just then...THE ROAR OF SOME FEROCIOUS CREATURE REVERBERATES THROUGHOUT THE JUNGLE.

Silence. The group is momentarily frozen. We focus on the tense face of Alan Grant...

GRANT
Time to go.

YET ANOTHER ROAR, and the others drop the trunk and run for the aircraft.

INT. PLANE

Up in the cockpit, Udesky's got the engines running. Taxiing out of the grove and onto the meadow, Udesky opens the throttle...and the plane is off and running.

As the Turboprop picks up speed, the passengers silently await takeoff.

Grant peers nervously out of the window.

Up in the cockpit, Udesky licks his lips and pushes the plane even faster, glancing at the speedometer. And just as the craft nears takeoff velocity...

A SCATTERED HERD OF HERBIVORES STAMPEDES ONTO THE MEADOW.

Udesky deftly avoids collisions.

In the cabin, the passengers anxiously eye the passing dinosaurs.

Up in the cockpit, Udesky gives it full throttle in an effort to get off the ground.

And just as the plane lifts off, A COLOSSAL BEAST charges out of the jungle, chasing the plant-eaters.

COOPER
Sweet mother of God...

THE GIANT PREDATOR IS DIRECTLY IN THE PATH OF THE PLANE.

Udesky pulls back on the stick, the plane rises...BUT THE LEFT PROP CLIPS THE FLANK OF THIS ENORMOUS DINOSAUR.

Blood sprays the windscreen and side windows.

EXT. PLANE

The Turboprop banks into the jungle, out of control, wallowing through the air...

INT. PLANE

The passengers are pummeled violently as the craft crashes through trees, tearing off wing and tail pieces...

And finally coming to rest in a canopy of heavy branches. The plane settles in a tree - nose high.

Silence. The passengers slowly recover from crash positions and have a look around.

Foliage blocks most windows, making it impossible for the passengers to see where they are. Udesky tries hard to be the voice of calm.

UDESKY
Is everyone all right?

Susan is breathing heavily - on the verge of panic.

SUSAN
Delightful. We've crashed more in one afternoon than most people have in a lifetime.

GRANT
Just sit tight, and I'll find us a way out of here.

He unbuckles his seat belt, crosses to the jammed side door, and shoves. It opens a few inches then hits a branch.

Grant lets out a quiet gasp as the ground reels thirty feet below.

THEN, THE PLANE LURCHES - slammed by some unseen force.

PAUL
What was that?

And some very large dinosaur lets out a deep, attenuated GROWL.

The passengers are paralyzed with fear. Susan trembles uncontrollably. Grant buckles himself back into a seat.

And suddenly, the plane is yanked from side to side.

Battered this way and that, the terrified passengers tightly grip their seats.

UNTIL FINALLY: THE HORRIBLE SOUND OF WRENCHING METAL...AND THE NOSE OF THE PLANE IS RIPPED RIGHT OFF.

Susan cries out.

In the cockpit, Udesky and Cooper are suddenly sitting in open air. The entire fuselage is now tilting downwards.

Cinching their seat belts tighter, the passengers are hanging almost vertical in their seats. Debris spills out the open end of the plane and drops toward the jungle floor.

Cooper unbuckles his seatbelt and scrambles back up into the cabin.

Udesky follows closely behind. But as he struggles to climb up the steeply inclined fuselage, the ripcord of his parachute snags on something.

The chute spills out of the pack, cascades down the floor of the plane, then suddenly goes taut.

Udesky feels a yank. Terrified, he realizes that the animal is pulling him out.

Udesky frantically tries to get out of the chute harness, but with the tremendous strain, the buckles won't unclip.

The other passengers reach for him.

PAUL (CONT'D)
TOM!

But Udesky is already being pulled down the aisle. He desperately latches on to a chair, then watches in horror as the seat bolts are pulled right out of the floor.

AND UDESKY AND THE CHAIR ARE YANKED OUT OF THE OPEN COCKPIT.

Udesky falls to the ground. The chute billows down on top of him. He tries to scramble away, but the screaming pilot is pinned down by one heavy foot...and pulled apart with dagger-like teeth.

GRANT
Don't look.

But indeed, no one can turn away. And Miles is particularly shaken.

In a desperate effort to escape, Grant turns toward the jammed, rear door and tries to force it open. Paul comes over to help. Together, they shove with all their might. Held shut by branches, the door doesn't budge.

And to the horror of the passengers, the obscured creature now turns its attention back to the plane. The dinosaur jams the front of its snout into the fuselage and lunges for Miles in the first row.

Miles yanks his legs back as the jaws snap shut.

Behind Miles, Cooper reaches forward, unsnaps the boy's seat belt, and hauls him into the next row back.

The others unsnap their belts and crowd into the rear of the passenger compartment.

The shift in weight sends the fuselage tipping backwards. It breaks free of the tree limbs...and drops tail down toward the jungle floor...

THE FUSELAGE SLAMS ON ITS TAIL - then topples onto it's roof.

The passengers are dazed by the impact, lying sprawled on the interior ceiling of the plane. Everyone is cut and bruised.

Out of the open cockpit...they see two approaching feet. Miles leaps up to make a dash for the jungle.

PAUL
MILES - NO.

Grant jumps to his feet and grabs him in an instant, wrestling him back into the fuselage.

A window near Miles fogs over with condensation. When it clears, Miles finds himself looking right into an enormous eye.

The group hears a loud snort and the fuselage is suddenly nudged.

THEN: ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE AS THE PLANE IS SLAMMED ACROSS THE JUNGLE CLEARING.

The passengers are hammered against the walls of the plane, tumbled like socks in a dryer. Debris, seats and luggage fly everywhere...

UNTIL THE PLANE SMASHES INTO A TREE.

One gargantuan foot steps on the fuselage and flattens it like a paper tube.

Inside, windows explode, raining glass over the passengers. Susan and Paul are almost crushed by the compressing walls, but Miles and Grant are trapped in the aft end.

MILES
HELP!

And Billy and the others pull them through the narrowing gap.

Then a huge claw is jammed into a split in the skin of the fuselage...and begins to slowly peel the plane open.

Grant looks up in dread at the widening tear.

GRANT
THIS WAY - LET'S GO!

Grant leads the group out the open end of the cockpit into a mad dash for the jungle.

And a tremendous roar sends them running even faster...

EXT. JUNGLE

With Grant in the lead, and Billy taking up the rear, the group tears through the jungle.

In the dense undergrowth behind, the unseen dinosaur bears down on them - mowing down young trees, which topple all around the fleeing group.

Grant leads the group right through a grove of heavier trees.

The hidden dinosaur doesn't seem to be able to fit between the thick trunks. It roars at the retreating humans - searching desperately for a route after them.

The group continues their relentless pace, trying to put as much distance as they can between themselves and the bellowing beast.

Once the dinosaur is sufficiently behind them, they take a moment to catch their breath. Paul Roby looks like he's about to have a heart attack. Even Billy is gasping for air.

And as a light rain begins to fall, Grant tries to reassure the others.

GRANT
I think we lost him.

But when he pushes through some underbrush, the group stops dead in their tracks. Susan stifles a cry.

Before them lies an immense SAUROPOD - unmoving.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Don't worry. It's dead.

And just then, A FULL-GROWN, BULL TYRANNOSAURUS RISES UP ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE CARCASS.

Feeding on the freshly killed Sauropod, the T-Rex now turns directly their way.

SUSAN
This is *not* happening.

And Grants freezes.

GRANT
No one move a muscle.

The the group freezes for two seconds - then takes off.

TYRANNOSAURUS ROARS.

And Grant races after the others. T-Rex is right behind.

Charging back the way they came, once again the group stops in their tracks.

FROM THE OTHER DIRECTION, SPINOSAURUS AEGYPTICUS BARGES THEIR WAY IN ALL ITS TERRIFYING GLORY.

Over forty feet long and twenty-five feet high, the dinosaur has a bony sail that line its back. Its head is crocodilian, with rows of long, curving teeth. Sinewy six foot arms terminate in three fingered hands, with fourteen inch claws.

And before the companions have time to react...the two titans catch sight of one other. Coming to an abrupt halt, the dinosaurs look more surprised than anyone.

AND THEIR ROARS ARE THUNDEROUS.

The group scatters into the brush as the two, behemoth predators stagger forward.

Paul and Billy scramble in one direction - Cooper, Miles, and Susan in the other.

Grant's foot, however, gets stuck between two branches. He manages to free himself as the two dinosaurs approach.

Grant dives down between two fallen trunks as Spinosaurus and T-Rex circle one another like two great wrestlers, each one searching for a weakness.

Lying flat on his back, Grant lets out a scream as the giant foot of Spinosaurus lands across the two trunks - mere inches above his face.

AND SPINOSAURUS LUNGES FORWARD - powerful jaws open wide.

But T-Rex sidesteps the assault. As it spins out of the way, its tail knocks down a number of small trees.

Billy and Paul are sent scurrying for cover.

Between the fallen trunks, Grant is attempting to get away on his hands and knees.

And now T-Rex presses the attack - SLAMMING ITS TAIL INTO THE FLANK OF ITS ADVERSARY.

Spinosaurus is knocked back. Grant is again forced to duck for cover.

And as Spinosaurus struggles to regain its balance, T-Rex dives forward. Spinosaurus is driven backwards with T-Rex trying to grip its throat.

And Cooper yanks Miles out of their path. With Susan right beside them, they scramble over to Paul and Billy.

Now on its side, Spinosaurus fights back ferociously. It slashes at T-Rex with its long arms and razor sharp claws, then finally kicks the animal with its mammoth foot.

Tyrannosaurus staggers back - wounded.

Down below, Grant is drenched in blood, pouring from the dinosaur, as he slowly makes his way toward the group.

And Spinosaurus lunges for T-Rex with gaping jaws. As it does so, Spinosaurus manages to topple T-Rex off its feet and sends the flailing dinosaur to the ground below.

With an earth-shuddering crash, the dinosaur lands between Grant and the rest of the group.

The companions scurry out of the way, but as they do so, the head of T-Rex now lands almost directly on top of them.

Plastered against an immense tree, the group watches in horror as T-Rex starts to rise...but is then thrown back down as Spinosaurus latches onto its throat.

Spinosaurus crushes the life out of its adversary, and T-Rex opens and closes its jaws mere inches from our terrified friends.

Finally, Grant reaches them.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Come on!

Spinosaurus lets out a victorious howl, and the paleontologist leads the group through the undergrowth, securing their escape.

EXT. PLANE WRECK - LATER

Susan walks through the swampy water, scanning the wreckage. She doesn't look at all well. Finally, she spots what she's looking for.

Groping through the swamp, she pulls out...HER LAPTOP COMPUTER CASE. Water pours from its seams.

Susan is completely demoralized. And as she slowly lowers her computer, suddenly she sees something else. Her face pales, and her eyes fill with tears.

NOT FAR OFF, UDESKY'S COWBOY HAT FLOATS ON SWAMPY WATER.

A stunned Paul Roby approaches the hat with measured steps... and picks it up.

The rest of the shell shocked group looks on. They are all knee deep in debris. After a long moment of silence, Grant finally speaks.

GRANT
Look, the important thing now is to keep moving. We should take anything we can carry.

Still reeling from Udesky's death, Paul turns to Grant in disbelief.

PAUL
How can you talk about moving on?

All eyes on Paul Roby. Grant carefully chooses his words.

GRANT
I'm truly sorry about your pilot...but I think the thing to do now is get the rest of us safely off this island.

PAUL
And where are we supposed to go?

Grant considers him, then slowly nods.

GRANT
Okay, Mr. Roby, you're in charge. What do we do?

Paul gropes for an answer. Susan finds one.

SUSAN
We stay put - wait by the crash sight.

GRANT
For what?

PAUL
For rescue. As soon as they come searching for the plane...

GRANT
And who knows we're here?

PAUL
My corporate headquarters -

GRANT
Is expecting us in San Jose. We'll be waiting for a rescue that'll never arrive.

Paul studies him. The fact that Grant is right only makes him angrier.

COOPER
The man's got a point, Mr. Roby.

PAUL
Okay, Cooper.

Cooper wisely shuts up. Grant nods his head.

GRANT
Like I said, we should take anything we can carry. And Ms. Brentworth?

Susan shoots him a look.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Lose the laptop.

And Susan glances down at her soggy computer as the group starts sifting through the wreckage.

TEN MINUTES LATER

Billy is weighed down with rope and other supplies. Finding his camera intact, he throws the case over his shoulder.

As Grant gets his own pack in order, Billy sees an imprint of Spinosaurus' gigantic foot in the metal shell of the craft.

BILLY
Was that what I think it was?

GRANT
Spinosaurus Aegypticus.

BILLY
I don't remember it on InGen's list.

Grant turns to him with a troubled expression.

GRANT
That's because InGen never put it on their list.

And as Billy ponders his words, Paul Roby approaches. His voice is now calm, but his eyes still betray a quiet rage.

PAUL
That beast, whatever scientific name you give it, doesn't belong in this world. When you need the funds to have it shot and killed, Doctor, *I'm* your man.

On that, Paul turns back toward the wreckage and continues sifting through the debris.

As Grant watches him go, he finds himself looking at Miles for the first time since the attack. The poor child is scared out of his wits. His eyes are tearing, and he can't stop trembling.

Off to the side, Paul stops what he's doing and looks up. He watches as Grant awkwardly approaches his son.

Though it doesn't come easily for him, Grant puts a gentle hand on Miles' shoulder.

GRANT
Do you now how many paleontologists would kill to be in your shoes?

Miles can't help but smile.

GRANT (CONT'D)
You've just seen more in one morning than they'll see in a lifetime.

Miles nods his head, musters his courage, and starts forward with Grant by his side.

Paul silently watches the exchange...

INT. HEARING ROOM - COSTA RICA

A clock overhead reads: 3:25.

Harlan Finch, surrounded by various Aides, sits at a long table and glances nervously at the clock.

SIMONE (OS)
The attacks have occurred as far north as Baja and as far south as Panama.

COMMITTEE MEMBER #1 (OS)
And how do you know they're related?

Standing before a display board, Simone Garcia is giving a presentation to A FIVE MEMBER COMMITTEE, men and women seated on a raised platform. The committee head is Carlos Lopez.

SIMONE
The wounds were strikingly similar. At first, we thought it was a mountain lion. Then we found *this.*

Simone turns to the next photograph on the display board.

COMMITTEE MEMBER #2
And what's *that?*

SIMONE
A mountain lion.

The Committee considers the unidentifiable, mauled corpse.

SIMONE (CONT'D)
That's the top of your food chain.

Finch hears a door opening and glances across the room. Doug Parks steps inside and looks his way.

INT. HALLWAY

An anxious Finch enters the hallway and approaches Parks.

PARKS
He's not in Utah.

Finch shakes his head.

FINCH
I should've hauled him down when I had the chance.

Finch considers his options. They aren't good.

FINCH (CONT'D)
I'll drag this out as long as I can. *You* find Grant.

EXT. EDGE OF JUNGLE - ISLA SORNA

ONE JUVENILE BRACHIOSAURUS, about the size of a small horse, lies on its back - motionless.

Then, A SECOND BRACHIOSAURUS lunges at the first. And the two play with one another like a couple of pups.

Off to the side, Alan Grant gazes at the two creatures with wonder as the rest of the group slows to a halt beside him.

Miles beams. Paul is horrified.

Grant and Billy exchange an excited glance and move toward the action. Miles watches them go, then starts to follow.

PAUL
Not another step, sport.

But Miles will hear none of it. He glances at his father, then runs up to Grant's side.

Frightened and angry, Paul starts for his son.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Miles -

But even Susan is mesmerized by the sight. She instinctively reaches out to Paul, gently restraining him.

SUSAN
Let him.

Paul considers her for a moment, then looks back at his son.

Billy, Grant, and Miles are stepping carefully toward the animals. Grant drills Miles like a patient teacher.

GRANT
Species.

MILES
Brachiosaurus - herbivore.

GRANT
Period.

MILES
Late Jurassic.

GRANT
Territory.

MILES
North America.

And as they reach the frolicking dinosaurs, one scurries off in fear. The other curiously approaches the humans - gently lowering its head.

Grant reaches forward and pats the dinosaur on the forehead. The animal bows further.

Miles is hesitant.

GRANT
You've got nothing to be afraid of.

Miles tentatively reaches out to the dinosaur...and softly strokes its head.

Grant smiles. And Miles is in heaven.

Paul watches from a safe distance. Only now, it is the growing closeness between Miles and Grant, and not the dinosaur threat, that catches his attention.

Susan smiles warmly, then walks forward to join the others.

PAUL
Susan...

SUSAN
Relax, Paul.

And Paul and Cooper are left watching from a distance.

Back on Grant and Miles. Only now the juvenile is becoming more playful and begins honking like a hungry duck.

Miles chuckles. Billy smiles as he snaps pictures. And a delighted Susan approaches from behind.

The group is so distracted they don't see the head and neck of an immense dinosaur part the foliage behind them and float ponderously overhead.

GRANT
If we're lucky, we may get a look at the mother.

AND JUST THEN AN EAR-SHATTERING BELLOW PIERCES THE AIR.

Everyone practically jumps out of their skins as the giant head and long neck of THE MOTHER BRACHIOSAURUS comes down from above.

The mother lumbers majestically through the clearing, gently nudging her young forward. As the family continues peacefully on its way, they join up with the rest of their herd, spread out across a nearby plain.

Billy clicks away with his camera.

As Miles, Grant, and Susan watch the family of dinosaurs move off, Grant glances over at a smiling Susan - more at ease than we've seen her so far.

Susan catches him looking at her. Grant awkwardly smiles and turns away.

From off to the side, Cooper and Paul watch them closely.

COOPER
You better keep your eye on that one, Mr. Roby, or someone else will.

And indeed, Paul feels very removed.

INT. HEARING ROOM - COSTA RICA

Finch sits at a table, flanked by Simone and his entourage. He and the Committee are in heated debate.

FINCH
The US has the technology and money to properly monitor the situation.

COMMITTEE MEMBER #3
Don't you mean the US *military?*

FINCH
We will take no action that violates the will of the Costa Rican people.

COMMITTEE MEMBER #4
The destruction of the island and its habitat *is* a violation of our will.

FINCH
Those are last resort measures only.

And a frustrated Finch turns to the Minister.

FINCH (CONT'D)
Minister Lopez, we're not talking about killer bees here. If dinosaurs are breeding in your jungles, this is not a Costa Rican problem. It is a world problem. Now if need be, we can get UN sanction to take Isla Sorna by force -

But at this, Minister Lopez cannot contain himself. He speaks with quiet conviction.

MINISTER LOPEZ
Mr. Finch, the Costa Rican people fought very hard for their independence. You Americans might consider yourselves the police force of the world. Forgive us if we take a different view. InGen's Jurassic Park is only the latest in over a century of degradation by American corporations in our hemisphere. Well Costa Rica has drawn the line. Our land is our most valued asset. We have an environmental policy that is still unmatched by your own country. And Isla Sorna is our sovereign territory. So threaten us if you'd like, but we won't give up one inch of ground on the sort of circumstantial evidence you've presented today.

.

And as the other Committee Members nod in agreement, Doug Parks enters the room and approaches a weary Finch.

MINISTER LOPEZ (CONT'D)
This hearing is adjourned.

As Parks whispers in his ear, Finch’s face pales.

FINCH
Minister Lopez...

And the departing Committee Members turn back to Finch.

MINISTER LOPEZ
Is there something more?

FINCH
Some villagers near Santa Elena just captured a dinosaur.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - ISLA SORNA

A BATTERED DIGITAL VIDEO CAMERA lies on the ground. The group watches as Grant picks up the camera and tries the power button. No response.

Up ahead, Billy pushes into a clearing. The others follow.

Billy is gazing up at the vast canopy of an enormous tree. Caught in its branches...IS A PARASAIL.

GRANT
(to Billy)
Can you fly one of those?

BILLY
As long as the sail’s not torn.

Grant nods.

GRANT
If we spot a plane, it might be a good way to attract attention.

Grant and Billy begin pulling the parasail out of the tree. As they do so, the sail gets caught on a branch.

Billy and Grant pull harder on the parasail. The branch bends, but the sail won’t come loose. The two men pull even harder, and the branch bends even further until...

SNAP - THE BRANCH BREAKS - THE PARASAIL FALLS AWAY - AND A SKELETON COMES FLYING DIRECTLY INTO SUSAN’S ARMS.

Susan screams in terror, but as she struggles to get away, she tangles herself in the lines of the parasail. The more she struggles, the more tangled she becomes until the skeleton is wrapped tightly around her.

Finally, the others are able to pull her away. As they turn back to the parasail, they get their first good glimpse of...

THE REMNANTS OF A HUMAN SKELETON - still caught in a harness.

Susan cringes, averting her eyes. Miles can't stop looking.

The arms and legs have been separated from the torso. And indeed, the ground is littered with bones.

MOMENTS LATER

Billy is stuffing the folded parasail into its pack and slipping it across his shoulders.

Cooper picks up a torn camera bag. Inside, he finds a cracked lens and spare battery. He tosses the battery to Grant.

Grant considers it for a moment, then turns to the group.

Susan knows what he's thinking and shakes her head.

SUSAN
I'll catch this one on video, thanks.

As she backs away, Paul turns to his son.

PAUL
Miles, will you go wait with Ms. Brentworth?

MILES
Come on...

GRANT
Miles.

The boy looks to Grant, then reluctantly nods. He heads over toward Susan.

Grant turns to the others. Cooper's sweating bullets.

GRANT (CONT'D)
We don't have to do this.

A moment of decision. Then Cooper speaks for everyone.

COOPER
If we're looking to end up dino-meat, Doc', then I'd just as soon know what we're up against.

And Grant nods his head...

SECONDS LATER - ON THE VIEWING SCREEN

We are moving through thick jungle and listening to the heavy breathing of Jeannie, our camera holder. Branches and leaves brush past.

JEANNIE (OS)
Where are you?

RICK (OS)
Over here!

Pushing quickly forward, the dense foliage parts before us to reveal a small clearing. Jeannie bursts out laughing.

JEANNIE (OS)
Nice landing, hotshot.

RICK (OS)
Very funny. Just help me down from here.

And the camera tilts up the trunk of a large tree to find... Rick, hanging from his snagged parasail. We recognize him from the start of our story.

BACK ON JUNGLE CLEARING

Off to the side, Susan looks on as the others watch the video. Though she's not sure she wants to see it, her curiosity gets the better of her.

She glances at Miles, throwing pebbles on a log, then heads toward the others, peering over their shoulders.

ON SCREEN

The camera is now scanning the surrounding jungle.

JEANNIE (OS)
I know I heard something.

At first, all is quiet. Then...a rustling.

The camera pans toward the sound, but we see only the movement of a branch.

Then, another rustle from a completely different direction.

And now the camera pans in that direction. What ensues is a series of rustling, snarls, and hisses as Jeannie searches frantically for the source of the sounds. And as the camera bounces this way and that...

RICK (OS)
Oh, my God.

JEANNIE (OS)
What?

Jeannie spins toward her partner - his eyes fixed on some horrifying sight.

RICK
LOOK OUT! JEANNIE - LOOK OUT!

And as Jeannie starts to turn, she cries out as the camera falls to the ground. It lands with its lens angled up at the suspended, screaming Rick.

As an ominous shape steps in front of the camera, obscuring our view, the picture suddenly cuts out.

BACK ON JUNGLE CLEARING

As Rick's scream comes to an abrupt halt, we look up at his gaping, silent skull, swaying slightly.

PAUL (OS)
Where's Miles?

Paul turns to Susan. She glances around nervously. And in fact, the boy is no where to be found.

SUSAN
I don't know. I just left him for a minute.

Paul looks around in a growing panic.

PAUL
MILES?!

No response.

COOPER
MILE?!

GRANT
MILES?!

But still there is no reply. Then: a nearby cry...

MILES (OS)
I'm over here!

Paul breathes an enormous sigh of relief.

And Grant races off in the direction of the boy's voice - followed by the others.

EXT. ENCLOSED JUNGLE SPACE

In a dark, enclosed space, a crouching Miles is looking down at us, focused on something we can't yet see. The enthralled boy mutters to himself...

MILES
Awesome.

But as Miles eagerly reaches forward - a hand grabs him firmly by the wrist. Follow the arm to find...a transfixed Alan Grant, crouching beside him.

GRANT
Don't touch anything.

A concerned Paul Roby races to his side, followed by the others. They are all peering down at us.

MILES
Why not?

And Grant whispers one word and one word only...

GRANT
Raptor.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL: A NEST FILLED WITH THIRTY TO FORTY DINOSAUR EGGS...LAID IN A SPIRAL

And as Billy and Grant share a look of concern, the distant cry of a large herbivore rises and falls amidst a faint chorus of snarls...

EXT. FURTHER UP THE TRAIL

Alan Grant smashes relentlessly through the undergrowth in an effort to put as much distance between themselves and the nest as possible.

The trail is rising steeply, and the group is starting to feel the effort, particularly Cooper.

COOPER
If those dinosaurs don't kill me, this death march will, Doc'.

Furious over his son's disappearance, Paul vents his anger.

PAUL
You will not take another step without my permission. Is that clear?

Miles marches silently beside him.

PAUL (CONT'D)
It's not just you, Miles. When you run off like that, you put the entire group in danger.

As Paul's words find their mark, Susan attempts to calm him.

SUSAN
Paul, it's *my* fault. I shouldn't have let him wander -

PAUL
No you shouldn't have.

Susan is caught off guard by his response.

PAUL (CONT'D)
And now I can take it from here.

Susan stifles her anger. And as the two study one another...

GRANT
What's taking Billy?

Coming to an abrupt halt, everyone turns to Grant, peering into the undergrowth behind them.

Following his gaze, they find that jungle has grown strangely quiet. Then...a rustling in the leaves.

Grant licks his lips, tense. Cooper nervously shifts.

COOPER
What is it?

And Miles calls out timidly.

MILES
Billy?

The rustling gets louder, closer. The group peers anxiously into the jungle.

And finally: BILLY CRASHES THROUGH THE BRUSH.

GRANT
What happened?

BILLY
I wanted to get some shots of the nest.

After worrying over Billy's safety, Grant is now furious.

GRANT
What?!

BILLY
Alan, it's no big -

GRANT
Listen to me, I've seen what these animals can do.

Billy considers him. He's never seen Grant this upset.

BILLY
You're right. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to upset anyone.

Grant studies him for another moment, then finally seems to calm. Feeling a bit awkward by his show of emotion, Grant now nods his head and smiles slightly.

GRANT
I've taught you everything I know, Billy. You're too valuable to lose.

Billy returns the nod, moved by his teacher's concern.

Paul Roby watches the exchange, then turns to Miles. Indeed, it's as if Grant uttered the words that Paul was unable to communicate to his son.

Miles considers his father, then looks away.

COOPER (OS)
Hey, guys, take a look at *this!*

EXT. RIDGE

A jungle valley stretches before us. In the distance, A VAST COMPOUND, made up of several buildings. One building alone seemed to cover several acres.

Cooper and the group look out at the complex. Grant himself nods his head and sighs in relief.

MILES
What is it?

GRANT
As far as I'm concerned, it's the Four Seasons.

And without waiting a moment longer, Grant continues over the rise and descends into the valley.

EXT. COMPOUND

The group emerges from the jungle and enters the compound. They are walking through an overgrown parking lot, littered with abandoned vehicles.

Grant and the others eye the vehicles with trepidation. Some are lying on their side. Others are overturned completely. There is something unsettling about the damage.

A troubled Grant peers through a windshield, partially caved in, like some giant head butted the glass.

And the group finally approaches the front doors of AN ENORMOUS BUILDING. They take a moment to look up at the immense building.

As they do so, we see something in the distance behind...cat-like movement along the ridge where our companions once stood.

Then, the movement disappears as quickly as it appeared. And our companions enter the building.

INT. LOBBY

The group finds themselves in a sparse, corporate lobby. There is something disconcerting about being in this once luxurious setting.

Sitting on a large, bare desk...is an official-looking phone.

Everyone's thinking the same thing, but no one wants to embarrass themselves. Finally, Susan relents.

SUSAN
Aw, what the hell.

Approaching the phone, Susan puts the receiver to her ear. The line is dead.

Across the room, Billy stops before a wall, covered with ivy. Between the leaves, he sees an "N" painted on the wall. Pushing aside the , ivy, Billy uncovers a compass rose.

Billy looks up at the wall, then grabs one of the vines. As he pulls the ivy, he finds that its connected to another vine, and another. And as the others gather behind him, Billy pulls the ivy from the wall to reveal...

AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ISLAND, displayed on the wall. Susan points to an impressive network of buildings.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
That must be where we are now.

And suddenly, Grant's face lights with an idea. He begins frantically pulling more ivy off the wall.

BILLY
What is it?

GRANT
For a facility this size, there had to be some place to dock supply ships.

The implications of Grant's words sink in, and soon the entire group is pulling ivy off of the photograph. After a few moments, Susan nearly leaps for joy.

SUSAN
A river!

And in an instant, Grant and Susan are tearing away ivy, following the river toward the ocean. When Grant locates the mouth of the river, we see a network of docks...AND WHAT COULD BE A NUMBER OF BOATS.

Grant looks to Billy and smiles in satisfaction.

Then, unseen by the group, a fleeting shadow passes across the lobby's dirty windows with terrifying speed.

INT. CORRIDOR

A long hallway, covered with vines. A couple of vending machines stand nearby.

Paul rushes to the one nearest him. He's already pulling out some change from his pocket.

PAUL
Okay, I've got a dollar seventy-five. Miles?

But as he poses the question - SMASH - Grant kicks in the next machine over and tosses some food to the others.

Paul hauls back and kicks his own vending machine. The glass refuses to break.

INT. LABORATORY

Grant pushes through a set of doors and slows to a halt. The others sidle up beside him. Standing on a landing, they are staggered by what's before them.

MILES
Whoa...

The group looks down on A CAVERNOUS HATCHING LABORATORY. The sheer size of this place dwarfs any of the facilities we've seen previously.

As the group walks down a ramp, Cooper munches on candy bars, dropping wrappers as he goes. Reaching the factory floor, the group marvels as they pass an incredible array of biotechnology, now defunct.

Conveyer belts crisscross the room at different levels. Machines with intricate tubing and swing arms stand beside the belts.

PAUL
It looks like an assembly line.

BILLY
It's a dinosaur factory.

And Billy is standing before an incredibly long list of dinosaurs. He stares at it with fascination.

BILLY (CONT'D)
But where did they ever think they'd keep them all?

And the group disperses through the giant laboratory.

Susan is passing large, cylinder tanks with half-formed, embryonic figures floating in stagnate water - experiments gone awry. Finally, she reaches...A GIGANTIC, MAGNIFIED RAPTOR HEAD - floating in one of the tanks.

Something about this specimen catches Susan's attention. She bends forward, getting very close to the glass, and peers right into the eyes of this compelling creature.

AND THEN: THE ACTUAL RAPTOR LUNGES AT HER FROM BEHIND THE TANK.

Susan screams, but the Raptor can't get between the closely spaced tanks.

Standing on its hind legs, the seven foot dinosaur roars.

****** **THIS AREA IS UNDER CONSTRUCTION** ******

At this point in the story, we are in the process of taking out the bike chase.

Instead of dealing with an entire pack of Raptors, the group is now confronted with only one.

Paul, Grant, and Billy attempt to scare off the Raptor by throwing things at it. Their throws fail miserably.

And Susan is able to hit the Raptor on her first try. Grant thinks she's lucky, but then she hits it again, and again, and again...until the animal is finally driven off.

They all look to her in surprise, and she makes her reference to five older brothers on a farm in Iowa.

Grant reluctantly acknowledges that perhaps he underestimated her.

And then they hear the lone Raptor howling away. Its call is eventually picked up by another distant Raptor, and another, until an entire pack seems to be responding to the cry.

Grant realizes that they've got to get out of this building.

As they leave building, Grant leads the group across the same meadow that the crossed in the previous draft.

The Raptors, meanwhile, are quickly congregating and heading their way. Their speed is terrifying. They whip right past a hadrosaur. And the companions seem to run at an agonizingly slow pace.

The group is still confronted by a gully that they have to enter in order to cross. In the process, Miles falls and is knocked unconscious.

The Raptors catch up with the group as they are attempting to scramble out of the gully.

Grant and Cooper are the last ones left. Cooper picks up a stick to fend off the Raptors. Grant doesn't want to leave him, but Cooper insists that the doctor needs to get Miles to safety.

Grant tries to save him, but Cooper is killed by the Raptors as the group reaches the trees.

****

EXT. TREETOPS

Carefully handing off Miles from one to the other, the group climbs very high until reaching a network of interweaving branches.

The Raptors cluster around the base of the trees and watch the humans in the branches above.

Grant carefully sets down Miles on a wide branch. The group gathers around.

A worried Paul looks on as Grant pats the boy's hand.

GRANT
Miles? Can you hear me?

Miles starts to stir - just a bit.

GRANT (CONT'D)
That's it.

Gradually, the groggy boy opens his eyes and looks around.

The companions are all very much relieved.

Paul smiles.

MILES
What happened?

PAUL
You're safe. Everything's going to be all right.

MILES
Where's Cooper?

Everyone turns to Paul, waiting for him to answer. But Roby falters at the question.

PAUL
When Cooper took this job, Miles, he knew there'd be risks...

MILES
He didn't make it.

Paul sadly considers him.

PAUL
No.

MILES
Then just tell me.

And on that, the boy turns over on his side and stares off into space.

Paul nods his head and awkwardly pats his son on the back.

MINUTES LATER

As Paul and Susan sit with Miles, Grant takes Billy aside for a private chat.

GRANT
Listen, Billy, if for some reason I don't make it off this island...

BILLY
What are you talking about?

GRANT
If something were to happen to me...

BILLY
Nothing's gonna happen.

GRANT
But if it does, Billy, I want you to promise me something.

Billy nods, waiting for him to continue.

GRANT (CONT'D)
I want you to come back here and build that station. I want you to finish the work we started.

Billy chuckles uncomfortably.

BILLY
Without you? I don't know if I'm ready for *that.*

But Grant is adamant.

GRANT
You're ready.

Billy nervously considers him, then nods.

BILLY
All right, Alan.

Grant nods appreciatively, patting Billy on the shoulder.

Billy and Grant turn to find Susan and Paul looking on. Everyone is dazed, exhausted, bloody and ragged...but alive. Grant looks down at the Raptors below.

GRANT
I only wish I knew what they were after.

SUSAN
What do you mean?

GRANT
They're going to a lot of trouble for five, scrawny mammals. They didn't so much as glance at those Hadrosaurs.

BILLY
Maybe they developed a taste for human flesh. Maybe it's why they're escaping to the mainland.

Paul turns to him in disbelief.

PAUL
You mean to tell me that those monsters have actually gotten off this island?

Grant ponders the question, then looks back at the Raptors.

GRANT
That's a healthy population, surrounded by food. I can't see any good reason why they'd want to go anywhere.

And as he says the words, a single raptor cries out.

PAUL
I hope you're right -

GRANT
Shhh!

The dinosaurs erupt in a chorus of howls, but eerier, almost otherworldly, and somehow sounding more intelligent.

Grant listens intently.

EXT. MOUNTAIN VILLAGE - COSTA RICA

A DAUNTING US MILITARY COLUMN climbs up a narrow mountain road. We see personnel carriers and armored vehicles.

In one truck, the Costa Rican Committee Members ride in back.

Up ahead, Harlan Finch rides in the back seat of a jeep with Parks. Simone sits up front with the driver.

PARKS
Apparently, he's on the private plane of a Paul Roby. The pilot filed a flight plan for San Jose.

FINCH
So track down Roby.

PARKS
We've been trying his satellite phone all day. They're nine hours over due.

And Finch considers his assistant as the column slows to a halt in the mountain village.

FOOT SOLDIERS AND ARMORED VEHICLES fan out in different directions.

Finch strides past the soldiers with Minister Lopez and comes to a halt.

Parks, Simone, and the rest of the Committee walk up beside them.

Someone lets out a gasp. Others mutter in Spanish. All have gone quite pale.

FINCH
Jesus.

Before them is a small village square. At its center, an enormous makeshift cage has been smashed to pieces.

All around, huts have been severely damaged, farm implements litter the street...

AND THE GRUESOME REMAINS OF A NUMBER OF DEAD VILLAGERS LIE STREWN ABOUT THE SQUARE - the remnants of some bitter fight.

Back on the entourage. Minister gravely nods his head, then reluctantly turns to Finch.

MINISTER LOPEZ
Find the creature responsible for this massacre and resolve the issue by whatever means necessary.

Finch solemnly nods.

.

EXT. TREETOPS - ISLA SORNA - NIGHT

The odd, haunting cry of a Raptor.

Paul rises from his sleep, listening. As he looks out into the night, he sees Alan Grant, sitting on a distant branch. He makes his way toward the paleontologist.

Susan rises to a sitting position and gazes after Paul. After a moment, she senses someone watching. Turning, she finds...

Miles, awake as well, staring straight at her.

SUSAN
Are you feeling all right?

Miles nods.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
You had us all pretty worried.

An awkward moment between them. Then...

MILES
You're not bad on a dirt bike.

Susan smiles, a bit relieved.

SUSAN
Well, I had a lot of practice when I was your age.

MILES
Maybe you could teach me.

SUSAN
I'd like that.

MILES
Do you ever go back?

Susan is surprised by the question.

SUSAN
To Iowa?

Miles nods.

And after a moment, Susan shakes her head.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Not for a very long time.

MILES
Don't you miss it?

Susan thinks before answering.

SUSAN
There are moments when I miss it terribly.

MILES
Then why not go there?

SUSAN
I don't know. Maybe because that little girl was a very different person than I am today. And as much as we'd like to go back to certain places in our lives, however special they might have been... sometimes, it just isn't possible. We're constantly changing, Miles.

Susan's words seem to affect the boy. He stares out at the jungle.

MILES
Maybe I don't want to change.

SUSAN
We don't always have a choice.

MILES
Maybe I'm not ready.

And as Susan studies him, she starts to realize that they're no longer talking about Iowa.

SUSAN
No one wants to make you do anything you're not ready for.

MILES
If you think you can get to him through me, you can forget it.

Susan is stung by his words.

SUSAN
Don't worry, Miles. He's still very much in love with your mother.

Miles is caught off guard by her response. Seeing the sadness in her eyes...he almost regrets his words.

EXT. ELSEWHERE IN THE TREES

Grant listens intently to the subtleties of the Raptor cry, almost a kind of song. First one dinosaur picks it up, then second, and a third. He taps out its tempo a branch.

PAUL
I guess that they haven't gone anywhere.

Grant turns to find that Paul Roby has joined him.

GRANT
Strange as it may seem, I think they're waiting for us.

Another cry in the night.

Paul shudders at the sound. But as he turns to Grant, he finds the paleontologist listening with a smile.

PAUL
Tell me, Doctor, what is it about those creatures you and my son find so fascinating?

And indeed, for the first time on our journey, we have the sense that Paul is actually trying to understand Miles on his own terms. Grant considers the question.

GRANT
Imagine being an historian, closing your eyes, and knowing that when you opened them, you'd be standing at Bull Run...or Kitty Hawk, or...ancient Rome. That's what this place is...for me. It's a time machine - however imperfect it might be.

Paul smiles at Grant's passion.

PAUL
I still can't hear the beauty in those howls. They're bone chilling.

GRANT
A bone chilling howl to you sounds entirely different to a Velociraptor. In fact, they seem to be communicating in a more sophisticated manner than I ever thought possible.

PAUL
Are they really *that* intelligent?

GRANT
There are all kinds of intelligence. I thought evolution could someday make these animals as smart as we are. Maybe they're already smarter.

A distant howl echoes through the jungle. Grant listens intently as other Raptors pick up the call.

GRANT (CONT'D)
When a whale sings a song, the animal is giving information to other members of its group. They don't question one another the way we do. They don't keep information to themselves that they can use for their own advantage. They just experience the world, and this experience is then shared.

Grant turns to Paul.

GRANT (CONT'D)
If humans communicated with such openness, Mr. Roby, we might not spend years in the same house with another... only to one day find that person a stranger.

Paul considers him. Suspecting that Grant is referring to Miles, his friendly mood shifts.

PAUL
If you're presuming to know what I'm going through with my son...

GRANT
Look, it's none of my business.

But clearly the paleontologist has got him thinking. Paul calms.

PAUL
Do you have any children of your own, Grant?

Grant takes a moment before answering.

GRANT
There was...someone, a woman in my life. It didn't work out. I guess my students are my family. Billy's been with me for years.

PAUL
I'm afraid it's not quite the same.

Grant nods his head - pensive.

GRANT
Maybe the responsibility of bringing something into this world was more than I could shoulder.

And both men consider the words...

EXT. POLICE PATROL BOAT - OFF THE COAST OF COSTA RICA

A POLICE PATROL BOAT moves steadily through a still ocean - its light shining across misty waters.

On the boat is the Costa Rican Police Chief and some fellow OFFICERS. The Police Chief stands toward the bow of the boat, looking out as the spotlight scans across the fog.

Then: THE SPOTLIGHT FALLS ACROSS A WOODEN FISHING BOAT.

As the patrol boat approaches this ghostly ship, the Officers search for signs of life.

POLICE CHIEF
HOLA? ESTA ALGIEN ALLI?

No response.

And as the light of the patrol boat scans across the other boat, we get a fleeting glimpse of...DARK SILHOUETTES, gathered in the wheel house, quite possibly human.

EXT. FISHING BOAT

The Police board the eerie craft and fan out, searching the vessel. We stay with the Chief.

POLICE CHIEF
ESTA ALGUIEN?

No response. Then, a cry from one of the Officers....

OFFICER #1
POR AQUI.

The Police Chief approaches the Officer, standing before the wheel house. Peering inside, they find the entire FISHING CREW, huddled together.

POLICE CHIEF
Pasa algo?

CAPTAIN
Lo tenemos en la red. Ni yo - ni la tribulacion - no queremos nada que ver con el.

The Chief glances toward the stern of the boat and nods.

POLICE CHIEF
Entonces, Subalo ya!

The Captain starts the engine and pulls a lever - setting a large winch in motion.

The Police Chief and his Officers move toward the stern as a thick chain is slowly reeled in. The winch creaks and groans with some vast weight.

The Officers shift nervously. When a large net finally surfaces, the Chief's eyes widen at the sight before him.

Caught in the net's webbing...IS SOME SORT OF MAMMOTH, HEADLESS, DECOMPOSED CARCASS.

Though not a religious man, the Chief crosses himself.

EXT. TREETOPS - ISLA SORNA - DAWN

Up in the trees, the companions are asleep. We focus on Paul and suddenly hear - THE MUFFLED RINGING OF A PHONE. Slowly, Paul opens his eyes.

The others do the same. They are all sleepily looking at one another, trying to make some sense of the sound. And recognition finally lights on Paul's face...

PAUL
My phone.

Suddenly, Paul frantically searches his pockets as the others anxiously watch.

BILLY
Where is it?

PAUL
I don't know. I don't have it on me.

GRANT
Could it be in one of the packs?

PAUL
It's possible.

.

And in an instant, the group is tearing through their packs, desperately trying to find the phone before it stops ringing.

SUSAN
When did you use it last?

PAUL
I don't remember.

SUSAN
Think.

And Paul wracks his memory...

PAUL
The plane. I got a call on the plane, put it in my coat pocket, and..

But suddenly, he stops - his face lighting with some awful realization. Finally, Susan can't bear the wait...

SUSAN
What?...WHAT!?

All eyes on Paul.

PAUL
I loaned it to Tom.

As the hideous implications of his words slowly sink in...

A FAMILIAR ROAR RISES FROM THE JUNGLE - AND SPINOSAURUS CRASHES INTO THE CLEARING BELOW.

The giant dinosaur roars once more for good measure, then marches forward with thunderous footsteps. The terrified companions eye the back fin of the predator as it passes through the trees below.

And as Spinosaurus continues through the jungle, all the while, we hear the ringing of Paul's cell phone - emanating from the innards of the beast.

When the dinosaur finally disappears into the jungle, our companions are left considering the silence. Susan is the first to snap out of it.

SUSAN
Imagine the kind of roaming charges *he's* racking up.

MILES
Well, at least he managed to scare off the Raptors.

The companions follow his gaze. And indeed, there isn't a Raptor in sight.

Looking off into the distance, Billy nods toward a BIZARRE STRUCTURE, poised on the edge of a deep canyon.

BILLY
Find a way into that canyon, and we can follow the river to the ocean.

Excited, everyone begins to climb down.

But the jungle is strangely quiet, and Grant grows wary.

GRANT
Wait.

The others stop, turning impatiently to Grant. The paleontologist nervously scans the jungle.

PAUL
I think your imagination's getting the better of you, Doctor.

GRANT
We can't go down there.

And Grant looks up at the intertwining branches overhead...

EXT. INTERTWINING BRANCHES

Carefully moving from one branch to the next, the companions make their way forward. Susan, Paul and Miles lead the way.

Close behind, Billy and Grant wait for the others to reach the next set of branches.

Fighting his own discomfort at being so high off the ground, Grant glances downwards. Still no sign of any Raptors.

From here, Grant also gets a better view of the structure they could glimpse earlier - some kind of observation room.

This circular room is actually part of a much larger structure that spans the canyon. Heavy steel pylons and truss beams support a network of cables that disappear into a dense fog hundreds of feet below.

One by one, Paul, Miles, and Susan maneuver into the next tree over. Then, as Billy starts forward...his camera case slips from his shoulder.

Billy reaches out, but the case slips through his fingers. As it falls, however, the case's strap catches on a lower branch. Billy considers the camera case, hanging just out of reach.

GRANT
I'll get you one just like it when we get back.

BILLY
Not with those pictures in it.

And Billy reaches forward, stretching as the branch beneath him starts to bend...

GRANT
Forget it. It's not worth it.

But Billy is agonizingly close to the strap of the case. One more stretch...and he's got it in his grasp.

THEN THE BRANCH BENEATH HIM SNAPS.

Suddenly falling with the branch, Billy frantically reaches out for support.

Grant is there to catch him. Hanging by one hand, Billy looks up at his teacher.

GRANT (CONT'D)
I've got you, Billy. You're not going anywhere.

BUT ON THAT, GRANT'S OWN LIMB SNAPS BENEATH HIM. And both men drop to the ground...

EXT. JUNGLE FLOOR

Billy and Grant land about a hundred yards from the observation room. They both jump quickly to their feet, nervously looking around.

All is quiet. And after a moment, Grant allows himself a cautious smile.

GRANT
Well I guess I was wrong.

Then, Raptors appear out of nowhere, silently emerging from the tall grass. The group stares amazed as the dinosaurs creep forward on all sides, nearly surrounding the two men.

Grant picks up a stick in an effort to fend off the Raptors - giving Billy a chance to escape.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Go on, get out of here!

But Billy doesn't move. He glances up at Paul, Susan, and Miles, reaching down from the branches above, and then looks back at Grant. Indeed, the graduate student seems to be caught in some kind of agonizing decision.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Billy - *move! NOW!*

Billy looks over at the others, but as he turns once again to Grant, waiting to fend off the encroaching Raptors, he can't quite bring himself to leave.

Grant looks to his student with confusion. Billy studies him intently...then deliberately hands Grant his camera case.

BILLY
It's what they're after.

Grant is completely mystified. He hesitantly takes the case, then looks out at the dinosaurs as realization slowly dawns on his face. Opening the case, Grant delicately removes...

TWO PRISTINE RAPTOR EGGS - that Billy must've taken.

Grant couldn't be more stunned. But there are more pressing matters at hand.

With the rest of the group intently watching, Grant steps forward, carefully places the eggs on the ground, then slowly backs up.

The pack of dinosaurs consider the eggs, then slowly part to reveal...the Alpha Male Raptor, stepping forward.

The other Raptors lower their heads slightly as the Alpha Male warily approaches Grant and the eggs.

Grant lowers himself to a crouched position in a gesture of submission. He turns to Billy.

GRANT
Get down!

Billy lowers to his knees.

From the nearby trees, Miles, Susan, and Paul look on helplessly.

As the Alpha Male nears Grant, the dinosaur first sniffs the eggs, then sniffs Grant himself.

.

The paleontologist can't stop trembling. And one deliberate step at a time, the Raptor circles him - as if still deciding what to do next.

As Grant crouches with a bowed head, suddenly, his face lights with an idea. Carefully reaching into his pack, he pulls out...

THE MODEL RESONATING CHAMBER we've seen before.

Placing the instrument to his lips, Grant blows long and steady. Only this time, he adjusts the sound to mimic the Raptor more closely.

The familiar cry stops the Alpha Male in his tracks. And indeed, the other Raptors cock their heads.

The Alpha Male takes a moment, perplexed, and just as he starts to again move forward...

Grant again blows into the cast, sounding even more Raptor-like.

And again, the Alpha Male stops. The dinosaur sniffs Grant once more.

And Grant blows into the cast yet again. This time, the Alpha Male mimics the call.

Grant blows again, and the Raptor again responds.

And while Grant and the Raptor play off one another, they gradually find themselves improvising a kind of duet.

The rest of the group is mesmerized by the performance.

And as Grant and the Alpha create a sort of melody, eventually another Raptor picks up the song...then another...and another.

Soon, the entire pack is howling with Grant. Like a chorus of whales, the same song filters from one to the other, united the entire pack in a single entity.

And as the Alpha Male considers Grant, the paleontologist lowers the cast. The two creatures study one another as the rest of the pack howls.

Then, the Alpha Male barks twice.

Responding to his call, a Female Raptor slowly approaches, carefully picks up the eggs, and backs off.

One last look at Grant, and the Alpha Male finally walks away. One by one, the other Raptors take his cue and depart.

Our relieved companions look after them with disbelief.

And after a long moment of silence, Grant at last turns to Billy with eyes that stare straight into the student's soul. A moment as the two consider one another, and then a wounded Grant starts past him.

BILLY
I got guarantees.

Grant stops in his tracks - confused.

GRANT
Guarantees?

BILLY
Assurances.

Grant turns to Billy in utter disbelief.

GRANT
What sort of assurances?

BILLY
That any specimens would be handled in a responsible manner. That this was for research purposes only.

Grant scoffs. And even Billy doesn't believe his words.

GRANT
And what about that Raptor skeleton? Did you get assurances for that one too? Or just a good price?

Billy is momentarily speechless - guilt ridden.

BILLY
Those bones are everywhere. You said so yourself, we haven't dug up one percent of what's out there.

GRANT
The theft of a fossil I can almost understand - barely. I might even be able to forgive it. But that you could take possibly living dinosaurs off this island...

Grant bitterly shakes his head.

GRANT (CONT'D)
You're no better than Hammond.

BILLY
Look, I don't want to hear one of your lectures.

GRANT
We're scientists, Billy. We're supposed to be better than them. Is *this* what I taught you?

Billy scoffs.

BILLY
It always gets back to you, doesn't it? Well spare me your self-righteous anger, Alan. I'm hardly in the mood.

Grant considers him for a long moment, takes a deep breath, then slowly nods his head.

GRANT
I'm not angry, Billy. I'm just profoundly disappointed.

And Grant's words land heavily. Billy's eyes moisten. In an instant, all his anger vanishes, and he's a little boy again, seeking his teacher's approval.

BILLY
Maybe you expected too much.

Grant's silence speaks volumes.

GRANT
You can head out when we get back. I don't want to ever see you again.

Grant stalks off.

And Billy is left devastated by his words.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

The observations room overlooks a canyon, shrouded in fog. The group enters the room and approaches a spiral staircase that leads to a lower level.

Billy lags behind.

Stopping at the stairs, Grant and the others peer down the circular opening in the floor. They can't see much of anything - passing fog, maybe a bit of sunlight.

MILES
What was this place?

GRANT
Something InGen didn't want on the map.

EXT. RIVER CANYON

Step by step, Grant is leading the group down a rusty spiral staircase below the observation room.

The stairs end in a circular, lower room, surrounded by broken windows. Glass crunches beneath their feet.

They seem to be inside some bizarre structure, but the fog makes it impossible to see any great distance.

As the group marvels at the oddity of the place, Grant leads them through a door and down a ramp to a landing on a lower level.

Susan and Grant arrive ahead of the others. Another catwalk branches off from this landing, and a set of stairs continues down the canyon wall.

Grant chooses the stairs. But as he starts his descent...THE RUSTY STAIRCASE BREAKS BENEATH HIS FEET.

Grant reaches out and Susan steadies the paleontologist as they watch the staircase vanish into the fog. After a few seconds of silence, they hear it crash far below.

Grant doesn't look at all well. Susan sees it.

SUSAN
You okay?

And as Grant looks at her, he glances down to find that he is grasping her hand. There is an awkward moment as both of them consider this.

With the rest of the group approaching, Grant quickly pulls back his hand.

Paul studies the both of them, but we're not sure if he notices anything out of the ordinary. He then looks across the precarious catwalk that disappears into the mist.

PAUL
Do you think it connects with the opposite wall?

GRANT
There's only one way to find out.

.

And on that, Grant steps onto the catwalk. His stomach turns at being so high up.

Susan falls in behind him. As she does so, the catwalk creaks and groans, listing slightly. Susan freezes in mid-stride.

Grant glances back.

GRANT (CONT'D)
We better do this one at a time.

And Grant carefully pushes his way forward...dissolving into the thick fog.

The others listen to the creaking of the catwalk...until it stops abruptly.

Silence.

MILES
DR. GRANT?

Then, out of the fog...

GRANT
I'M FINE. COME ON OVER. ONE AT A TIME.

And Susan steps tentatively forward...

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - SAN JOSE

An entourage of cars moves quickly through the urban streets.

We recognize the dark sedan as the car that carried Harlan Finch at the beginning of our story.

EXT. RIVER CANYON - ISLA SORNA

Across the canyon, Grant has reached a lateral support and is having a look around, trying to get a sense of where they are and what purpose this structure might've served.

Seeing that the support beams brace high, arched walls of steel mesh, Grant now confirms that the entire group is actually inside this vast construction.

Susan emerges from the mist and turns back to the catwalk.

SUSAN
OKAY. COME ON AHEAD.

Back on the catwalk, Miles is stepping out over the canyon, determined not to wimp out.

On the landing, Billy and Paul look on as Miles disappears into the vapor. Paul mutters to himself...

PAUL
That's it, Miles, nice and easy...

EXT. WATERFRONT - SAN JOSE

The same entourage of cars pulls off to the side of the road and screeches to a halt.

Doors fly open. Finch, Parks, and various assistants jump out of the cars and stride quickly toward an unassuming building.

EXT. RIVER CANYON - ISLA SORNA

Across the canyon, Grant moves down a steep staircase - followed by Susan.

With his hand on the railing, Grant sends a white, hardened substance dropping into the mist.

Looking up, Grant notices a large strut, covered with the same substance overhead.

Back on the catwalk, Miles is slowly groping his way forward. He feels a gust of wind and a heavy thud on the catwalk, which now sways beneath him.

Regaining his balance, Miles peers forward, but the fog prevents him from seeing more than fifteen feet in front of him. He calls out timidly...

MILES
Susan?

EXT. WATERFRONT - SAN JOSE

Finch and Parks march down a long dock.

Before them is a set of doors, leading into an old warehouse.

Finch and Parks burst through the doors to find...

INT. DOCK SIDE WAREHOUSE

Simone Garcia is standing behind the headless carcass that was hauled up in the fishing net. She looks up at Finch with satisfaction.

Finch and Parks falter at the sight.

TWO LAB ASSISTANTS are stretching out the arms of this hideous creature, further and further...

UNTIL THEY ARE SPANNING MORE THAN THIRTY FEET ACROSS...LIKE GIANT WINGS.

EXT. RIVER CANYON - ISLA SORNA

Grant shakes his head in disbelief as a horrible realization dawns on his face.

GRANT
Oh, my God.

Susan steps up beside him, peering into the fog.

And as the fog begins to thin, they see before them...A HUGE STEEL GATE - now gaping open.

SUSAN
What is it?

GRANT
A bird cage.

Then, the sound of Miles screaming.

Back on the catwalk, Miles watches as a looming shape emerges from the fog - a nightmarish vision stalking purposefully forward...

A FULL GROWN PTERANODON, standing over seven feet high, walks upright on clawed feet, his thirty foot wings folded bat-like at his sides.

The creature sees Miles and fixes him with a demonic glare.

Turning on his heels, Miles runs back down the listing catwalk.

The Pteranodon rises to its feet, spreads its wings...and takes flight...HEADING DIRECTLY TOWARD MILES.

On the landing, a frightened Paul charges onto the catwalk, searching in the fog for his son.

PAUL
Miles!

And indeed, a mere twenty yards ahead, Miles races forward with all his might.

But he’s no match for this flying reptile. And with a few effortless flaps, the giant creature catches up with Miles, opens it’s back claws...

AND PLUCKS THE TERRIFIED BOY OFF THE CATWALK.

Paul Roby watches in stunned, abject horror as the Pteranodon emerges from the fog with his son in its claws. The reptile carries Miles directly over Paul's head...

PAUL (CONT'D)
MILES!

And as the Pteranodon struggles upward with the boy's weight, Paul watches helplessly as Miles is carried high across the canyon.

He then turns to Billy, standing nearby on the catwalk. Catching the tail of an idea, Paul Roby lunges for the pack on Billy's back.

As the graduate student tries to hang on to the pack, a struggle ensues.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Please, let me have it.

Billy shoves him off with some effort.

PAUL (CONT'D)
He's *my* son.

Paul is not to be stopped. And as he lunges once more at the student...BILLY SLUGS HIM ACROSS THE JAW.

Paul drops to the catwalk. And just beyond the desperate father...

Grant materializes from the fog, rushing forward on the catwalk. He stops, staring directly at Billy. And as the two gravely consider one another, Billy deliberately CLIPS two straps together around his waist.

And Grant knows exactly what he's thinking...

GRANT
Billy.

But Billy is now racing up the stairs that lead to the observation room - securing straps as he goes.

Grant rushes after him.

GRANT (CONT'D)
BILLY - WAIT!

On the catwalk, Paul watches in dismay as another Pteranodon flies past the walk.

Grant, meanwhile, barrels toward Billy and the observation room.

Billy has just reached another walkway that skirts the outside of the observatory.

When Grant finally reaches this walkway, he spots Billy on the far side of the walk's railing - then charges forward.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Billy!

Deaf to Grant's pleas, Billy leans forward, lets go of the railing...

AND DROPS TOWARD THE CANYON BELOW.

Grant watches as Billy drops like a stone... lower and lower...until finally pulling the cord of his parasail.

THE CHUTE BLOSSOMS LIKE A FLOWER.

Not only does Billy stop his descent, he even manages to catch an updraft and is now rising up over the canyon.

In the distance ahead, we can see Miles still in the grip of the Pteranodon's claws.

The terrified boy looks down at the river far below. The wings of the reptile beat steadily overhead. And the wind is fierce.

Back on the lower catwalk, Paul rises to his feet. As he does so, he turns just in time to glimpse...

A PTERANODON SWOOPING RIGHT AT HIM.

WHAM - Paul is knocked back over the railing.

As he falls off the walk, he somehow manages to catch a support bar and is left hanging by his hands. Beneath his kicking feet, the clouds part to reveal...the river far below.

PAUL
HELP!

Still on the opposite side of the aviary, Susan hears Paul's cry and rushes to the rescue. But as she bounds up a set of stairs...

ANOTHER PTERANODON LUNGES AT HER THROUGH THE STEEL MESH.

Hanging onto the outside of the steel structure with its back claws, the reptile reaches for Susan with its long beak.

She narrowly avoids its thrusts until the animal finally clamps its beak on her wrist. Susan cries out in pain, and the reptile fights to pull her through the steel mesh.

And just as Susan is about to be dragged off, she pulls her car keys from her pocket...AND SPRAYS THE REPTILE'S EYES WITH PEPPER SPRAY.

The Pteranodon screeches in pain, lets go of the mesh, and flies off.

Susan watches as the animal circles toward the open hatch...and swoops into the aviary.

On the far side of the canyon, the Pteranodon carrying Miles takes the boy toward an outcropping of eroded spires of rock. The reptile swoops over one, isolated outcropping...

AND DROPS MILES INTO A GIGANTIC NEST - a large bowl of mud and branches the size of a satellite dish.

Miles lands right on top of a human skeleton, picked clean. We see the remnants of a Hawaiian shirt. Before Miles has time to cry out, he looks up to find...

SIX PTERANODON HATCHLINGS - with open, sharp-edged beaks.

Miles picks up the human skull and whips it at the Hatchlings.

They duck the projectile...and close in.

Back on the catwalk, Grant races over to Paul, crouches down, and pulls him toward safety. As Roby is being lifted up, however...

HE SPOTS ONE OF THE PTERANODONS FLYING AT THEM FROM BELOW.

And just as Grant brings Paul to the catwalk...this other Pteranodon lands directly behind them.

With the added weight, the precarious catwalk is now creaking, groaning, and listing terribly.

In an effort to escape the reptile, Grant rolls in one direction, Paul dives in the other. Before Paul can get very far, he is dragged back by this giant beast.

In a gallant effort to help Paul, Grant throws himself on the shoulders of the Pteranodon and yanks back the creature's head.

The reptile releases Paul. But before it can vent its full fury on Grant...

SNAP - CABLES BREAK - AND THE ENTIRE CATWALK FLIPS OVER.

Grant and the Pteranodon are able to hang on to the walk, dangling over the canyon. Grant refuses to look down - tightly gripping the walk.

Paul, however, can't quite hold on. And as he loses his grasp...

HE FALLS DIRECTLY ONTO THE HANGING REPTILE - which now loses its own grip.

And both Pteranodon and Paul careen toward the river below. The reptile attempts to fly, but with Paul hanging on for dear life, the animal can't quite stay aloft.

The Pteranodon and Paul drop straight into the river. As the reptile flies off, underwater Paul manages to swim away.

Back at the nest, Miles scrambles to avoid the Hatchlings. Jumping to another outcropping of rock, the reptiles merely fly over to join him.

And as the boy leaps to another outcropping, this time tumbles to the ground...AND ROLLS RIGHT OFF THE EDGE.

With the canyon reeling below, Miles is left clinging by his fingertips to the very edge of the outcropping.

He struggles to pull himself up, but doesn't seem to have the strength. And as the boy's fingers slip from the rocky edge, two of the Hatchlings lock their toothy beaks onto Miles' arm and tug, determined not to let their breakfast escape.

Miles actually grabs the beak of another Hatchling. Using the animal for leverage, the boy quickly scrambles up the rock.

But it's out of the pan and into the fire. The Hatchlings are all over him.

Off the in the distance, Billy slowly maneuvers his way toward the nest.

Up on the catwalk, Grant is experiencing some version of his own worst nightmare. He's on his hands and knees - trembling. The entire structure groans beneath him.

When he attempts to crawl toward Susan on the landing - A CABLE SNAPS - and the walk shifts.

And as Grant looks to a concerned Susan, AN ENORMOUS SHADOW crosses over her, glides along the catwalk...then stops directly over Grant himself.

Grant peers up at A GIGANTIC SILHOUETTE, perched outside the steel mesh. His eyes widen, and he shouts to Susan.

GRANT
CLOSE THE GATE! CLOSE THE GATE!!

Susan glances up at the figure overhead, staggers backwards - then bolts down the stairs.

And as the silhouette rises to its feet and stretches its wings, indeed, it eclipses the sun itself.

Grant watches with dread as this mammoth creature takes flight. As the reptile passes another adult Pteranodon, flying inside the aviary, we see how this new apparition dwarfs any other Pteranodons we've seen.

Throwing caution to the wind, Grant now scrambles across the catwalk in a last ditch effort to reach the landing.

Back at the nest, Miles continues his desperate dash from one outcropping to the next, but the reptiles are right behind.

Up above, Billy struggles to reach him in time.

BILLY
MILES!

Back at the hatch, Susan fights to close the rusted gate in a frantic effort to keep out the latest Pteranodon threat.

Covered with dried guano, the damn thing won't budge.

Grant races to help Susan with the gate. Their combined effort is finally enough to budge the giant door as the enormous Pteranodon flies directly their way.

And the gate's rusty wheels roll sluggishly forward, slowly gaining momentum.

Above the nest, Billy closes in on a besieged Mile. The boy cries out as the Hatchlings swarm at him, gripping his clothing with their sharp, curved claws.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Miles - up here!

Miles looks up to find Billy approaching from above. The parasailer is a bit far out, but the boy doesn't have much option.

He fights off the Hatchlings and takes a running jump toward a distant outcropping of rock. With Hatchlings flying at him from behind, Miles reaches the outcropping, leaps into the air...

AND BILLY SNATCHES HIM FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THE HUNGRY HATCHLINGS.

At the hatch, Grant and Susan at last slide the giant gate shut with a resounding boom.

BUT NOT BEFORE THE MAMMOTH PTERANODON MOMENTARILY FOLDS IN ITS WINGS AND GLIDES INTO THE AVIARY.

Grant and Susan watch despondently as the giant Pteranodon vanishes into the foggy canyon.

Along the river, Paul also pauses to gape at this passing monstrosity.

Over the canyon, Billy struggles to steer the parasail with the boy's added weight.

And before long, the two find themselves surrounded by four circling Pteranodons. An incredible aerial dogfight ensues as the Pteranodons attack the parasailers.

The first Pteranodon shoots past, tearing out a piece of the parasail in its beak.

Then another reptile flies past - its sharp claws ripping through the parasail.

And as Billy tries desperately to get Miles and himself to safety, another Pteranodon swoops in - BITING RIGHT THROUGH A NUMBER OF LINES.

The parasail drops alarmingly. Billy wrestles with the controls, but they are all but useless.

And as the circling Pteranodons prepare for one final assault...the reptiles suddenly depart, disappearing into the fog.

Billy and Miles don't quite believe their good fortune.

Down by the river, Paul spots them safely flying out of the canyon and grins wide.

But as Miles looks down at the river below, he notices a SECOND SHADOW, much bigger than theirs, coming up quickly from behind.

Miles looks behind them...and cries out in fear.

Down by the river, Paul's overjoyed expression fades to horror.

Climbing down a set of stairs to the canyon floor, Grant and Susan see it too.

AND SUDDENLY: TWO DREADFUL CLAWS SNATCH THE PARASAIL - DRAGGING IT QUICKLY FORWARD.

As Billy is yanked along with the sail, Miles loses his grip...AND DROPS FIFTY FEET INTO THE RUSHING RIVER BELOW.

Overhead, Billy is dragged away by the MAMMOTH PTERANODON.

With Miles struggling in the river, we watch the immense reptile circle downward, heading toward the river below.

And with Billy dangling behind, the Pteranodon flies right over the rushing river.

Billy is dragged across the surface of the water. Somehow, he manages to unbuckle himself.

As Billy slows to a halt in the river, the giant reptile drops the empty parasail to the canyon below and circles around in a wide, gliding turn.

Down river, Grant, Paul and Susan barrel forward in a desperate effort to reach Miles, who is being quickly carried their way.

Dashing through a shallower section of the river, Grant reaches the boy just before the others...AND MILES RUSHES INTO HIS ARMS.

Grant holds him tightly.

After an incredible effort to free Miles, Paul now stands beside them like a third wheel. Though relieved for his son's safety, the pained father is also feeling very much left out.

Grant looks up river and sees Billy heading their way. Then, just overhead, the paleontologist sees the flock of Pteranodons diving down at his student.

GRANT
BILLY - LOOK OUT!

Billy glances behind him to see the Pteranodons swooping down from above.

He races forward, motioning for his companions to turn around.

BILLY
GO ON - GET BACK.

But Billy is now knocked down by one of the Pteranodons. He stumbles, fighting off the reptile.

Grant rushes forward as Susan takes Miles down river. Paul races after Grant.

Up ahead, Billy cries out as the entire flock swarms around him - picking at him with their beaks and claws.

Grant barrels forward, fighting against the current.

GRANT
BILLY!

Behind Grant, Paul struggles to catch up.

AND SUDDENLY: THE FLOCK OF PTERANODONS SCATTER IN ALL DIRECTIONS AS THE GIANT REPTILE RETURNS TO ITS CATCH.

This astounding creature finishes off Billy with brutal efficiency.

And Paul Roby now reaches Grant. Realizing the futility of their situation, Paul attempts to hold him back.

It takes great effort to stop the paleontologist from lunging after his student, who's blood is now staining the rushing water.

But Grant can't take his eyes off of Billy. And finally, the mammoth Pteranodon turns slowly their way. Paul yanks Grant back.

PAUL
Come on.

And the two men head quickly down river - sprinting through the shallow water.

The reptile rises to its feet, spreads its wings...*and flies directly their way.*

Paul and Grant run as fast as they can, plowing through the water. And as the colossal reptile closes in for the kill...

Paul and Grant both dive under water...AND RESURFACE ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE STEEL MESH.

Inside the aviary, the foiled Pteranodon crashes into the mesh and lets out a heartfelt cry of frustration.

At a nearby dock, Susan and Miles have found a rusty, waterlogged BARGE, that's somehow still floating.

Carrying a large cage, covered by a tarp, the boat was clearly intended for transporting dinosaurs down river. Now, the inside of the cage is full of old supplies.

Miles uses a long pole to push off the barge as Grant and Paul hop on board.

Susan is fiddling with the motor, pulling the starting rope to no avail.

And as the current takes the craft quickly down river, for the first time we get a good look at THIS INCREDIBLE AVIARY - a vast, domed, mesh structure, spanning the entire canyon.

An emotional Miles looks back on the aviary with tears in his eyes.

Standing behind his son, Paul lifts his arm in an effort to place a reassuring hand on Miles' shoulder. But he's unable to complete the gesture. It ends in a meaningless pat.

Standing off to the side, Grant himself doesn't look at all well. Pale and breathing heavily, he can't take his haggard eyes off the receding structure.

EXT. DOWN RIVER - LATE AFTERNOON

Pulling the starter rope one more time, Susan finally manages to turn over the motor. She steps toward the helm of the craft and steers the boat down river.

Beside her, Miles lies sleeping. Susan gently places a jacket over the boy.

The barge motors through a tunnel of overhanging trees, casting our companions in shadow.

Paul bails water, stops, and looks up toward the bow.

Grant sits alone, grimly staring at the passing water.

Paul sits down beside him. Generally awkward in these kind of situations, he glances at Grant with concern, but doesn't quite know what to say. At last he offers the only words of comfort he can find.

PAUL
Three years ago, my wife died in a car accident.

Grant looks up. This is not what he expected. Though Roby's tone is matter-of-fact, the buried pain in his eyes is evident.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I was driving. We'd been arguing all afternoon. I took a wrong turn...

Paul shakes his head at the memory.

PAUL (CONT'D)
...and never even saw him coming.

Grant steals a glance at a sleeping Miles.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I'm sorry for your loss, Alan. I know what Billy meant to you.

Grant solemnly nods. And at the mention of Billy, he grows reflective.

GRANT
What is it about this island that brings out the worst in us? Dinosaurs I can understand. They fascinate me. It's humans that baffle me.

Grant shakes his head.

GRANT (CONT'D)
You were right, Paul.

A concerned Paul waits for him to continue.

GRANT (CONT'D)
These animals don't belong in our world.

And now Paul regrets his words.

GRANT (CONT'D)
But *they're* not the problem. We are. We raised them from the dead and unleashed a force that we are entirely unequipped to deal with. Maybe the most merciful gift we can give them...
(though it kills him to say it)
...is extinction.

And just as he finishes his words...a ray of sunlight breaks through the gloom and lands on Paul's face.

Slowly turning into the light, Paul's eyes widen.

And the ray of light crosses the barge. When it reaches the face of a sleeping Miles, he softly wakes, opens his eyes, and stares with wonder.

Susan instinctively shuts off the engine in an effort to quiet their approach and places a hand on Miles' shoulder.

Grant closely watches his companions, then slowly follows their gaze. Looking into the light, he let's out an almost inaudible gasp.

As the barge rounds a bend in the river, the setting sun is lighting up an incredible valley...FILLED WITH DINOSAURS.

We see armored ANKYLOSAURS with massive clubbed tails and duck-billed CORYTHOSAURS. And the raft floats under the gigantic, arching necks of eighty-foot BRACHIOSAURS.

With the mist from the river, and the play of the light, indeed it's like we're looking at a kind of Eden.

Miles smiles sadly. Beside him, Susan watches in amazement.

As Paul gazes out at the spectacle, it's as if he's seeing the beauty of these animals for the first time.

Grant himself is awestruck. And in his eyes, we see a heart that belies his cynical words.

EXT. AIRPORT ENTRANCE - SAN JOSE

Simone Garcia sits behind the wheel of an old sedan. Driving toward the airport entrance, she slowly comes to a halt.

Up ahead, TWO ARMED US MARINES are guarding a roadblock, turning cars away from the terminal.

Simone thinks for a moment, glances at the Marines, then takes a sharp left down a small dirt road...

EXT. AIRPORT PERIMETER - NIGHT

Making her way through some marshy ground, Simone pushes her way to a chain link fence and peers forward. Her face drops.

On a nearby docking area sit A DOZEN A-10 WARTHOG FIGHTER JETS. The A-10'S are being loaded with missiles. MAINTENANCE CREWS bustle about the area.

Simone tries to open a nearby gate, but the lock won't budge.

Then: A LOW RUMBLE BUILDS TO AN INCREDIBLE ROAR...AND THREE MORE JETS ZOOM PAST OVERHEAD - landing on a nearby runway.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM

In a room overlooking the docking area, U.S.A.F. COLONEL PETERS briefs a room full of PILOTS on their upcoming mission.

Finch watches from the side.

COLONEL PETERS
Apache helicopters will drop concussion charges in a line across the island. The initial attack will herd the animals into this peninsula...

He points to a three dimensional, computer map. We also notice a Marina, situated on the peninsula.

COLONEL PETERS (CONT'D)
Once corralled, A-10's will barrage the entire area.

Some of the Pilots look a bit dubious. ONE FLIGHT LEADER, in particular, shakes his head at the whole endeavor...

FLIGHT LEADER
Sir, will the dinosaurs possess anti-aircraft capabilities?

Laughter fills the room. And the Colonel considers him.

COLONEL PETERS
Nine out of ten of your peers wouldn't finish this mission, Captain. Though they may be highly skilled pilots, the strange truth of the matter is that most of us feel more comfortable shooting people than animals. Every pilot in this room has one thing in common. You are all experienced hunters.

Silence. The Colonel looks to the Flight Leader.

COLONEL PETERS (CONT'D)
I know this operation might seem a bit odd. But rest assured, if these animals didn't pose a very real threat to civilian life, we wouldn't be going in.

As Finch stoically listens to the words, a faint tapping catches Finch's attention.

Outside a small window, Simone is peering in at him.

INT. CORRIDOR

Finch and Garcia slow to a halt. Tensions are high.

SIMONE
You can't go through with this.

FINCH
How did you get in here?

SIMONE
When a lion attacks a farmer, we don't burn down the entire forest.

FINCH
You wanted us to handle this, Garcia.

SIMONE
I thought you'd monitor the island. Contain the animals. Eradicating all traces of their existence never crossed my mind.

Something in Finch falters. He averts his eyes.

FINCH
(by rote)
A certain amount of collateral damage -

SIMONE
You sound like a press release.

FINCH
You're the one who cried dinosaur.

SIMONE
Because I trusted you.

And indeed, her words strike a nerve. Finch studies her intently, then nods. When he speaks, his tone is calmer.

FINCH
Look, even if I agreed with you, there's nothing I can do.

SIMONE
You can call off the attack.

FINCH
I don't have the authority.

SIMONE
Bullshit.

FINCH
As soon as the State Department learned what happened, this became a military matter. They commandeered the airport before I even knew what was happening. I'm just along for the ride.

Simone contemplates his words.

SIMONE
Then you better figure out something, Finch. Because *this* is criminal.

And as Finch gravely considers her...

THE LOW ROLL OF THUNDER...

EXT. BARGE - ISLA SORNA

A full moon passes behind some clouds, and as thunder quietly rumbles, lightning flickers in the distance.

The barge rounds a bend in the river and heads this way. A light on the bow shines through the darkness. After a few moments, the boat slows almost to an idle.

The exhausted group gazes out at something ahead. They are utterly demoralized.

Before them is THE INGEN MARINA - lit up by the barge's passing light. Long, wooden docks spread out over the river. A building facility is situated off shore.

Tethered to the docks, the boats themselves are severely damaged. Most are beyond repair. Some are submerged underwater. None look seaworthy.

Grant shuts off the motor and the light on the bow goes out.

And now the rain comes down - drenching our dour companions as the barge drifts downriver. Grant puts on his best face.

GRANT
Well I guess we head out in the barge.

But Miles glances dubiously at their uncertain transport.

MILES
All the way to Costa Rica?

Grant forces a smile and tousles his hair.

GRANT
It's not as far as you think, champ. We've got plenty of gas. We'll make it in no time.

As a despondent Miles looks back at the Marina, Grant notices something odd in the river.

At the stern of the craft, Paul sees it too. He looks down at the water curiously.

PAUL
What are they?

And now Miles and Susan are also peering down at the river.

Just below the surface...A SHIMMERING WAVE OF SILVER passes beneath the boat and continues up river.

Then, a single fish jumps from the water.

Then another...and another...

GRANT
Bonitas.

PAUL
Something must've spooked them.

Another roll of thunder - getting closer. And the Paul's simple words send a shiver down Grant's spine.

GRANT
Get the motor going.

Susan pulls the cord. The motor coughs and sputters, refusing to start.

Grant races over to the motor. And as he takes the starter cord from Susan and winds it by hand...

A GIGANTIC FIN RISES FROM THE WATER - MOVING DIRECTLY TOWARD THE BOW OF THE BARGE.

Grant yanks the starter cord, but again the motor doesn't turn over.

And the fin is quickly approaching the boat.

As Grant winds the cord for another pull...

WHAM - THE RIVER BEAST RAMS THE BOAT.

On deck, the group tumbles in all directions.

AND SPINOSAURUS RISES TO ITS FEET.

As thunder crack overhead, and lightning flashes, the dinosaur let's out an ear-splitting roar.

Grant pales at the sight. Susan, Paul, and Miles scurry into the cage.

Spinosaurus lunges for the craft with gaping jaws. Grant dives out of the way.

AND SPINOSAURUS RIPS OFF THE ENTIRE WHEELHOUSE.

Grant scrambles toward the bow of the boat and jumps into the open cage with the others.

Spinosaurus tosses away the wheelhouse and bites down on the stern of the boat, puncturing the gas tank.

Gas leaks into the river, spreading into a large slick as the rain pours down.

Spinosaurus lifts the stern of the boat clear out of the water.

The cage slides across the slanted deck, and - WHAM - it slams into the gunwale and topples into the river.

As the cage sinks to the river bottom, Miles is thrown through the open door. Debris and equipment float down to the muddy bottom.

The cage lands with the door side down, resting in the mud. Paul, Grant, and Susan are trapped and without air.

Panicked, they frantically heave on the bars, trying to access the cage door.

Miles surfaces and looks around for the others. Desperate, he dives to the cage and watches helplessly as the others struggle.

Suddenly, the long arms of Spinosaurus plunge into the water, grab the cage, and lift it right out of the river.

And as the group gasps for air, the cage is again shoved underwater. This time, the door end is facing up.

Miles sees something glimmer in the mud of the riverbed. Diving toward the object, his hands search the murky bottom.

Meanwhile, Spinosaurus gropes with a long arm, trying to fish the humans out of the cage.

The gigantic claws close around Susan's body, and she's wrenched to the surface.

As Susan gazes up at the drooling dinosaur...

A RED FLARE SHOOTS AT SPINOSAURUS - hitting the animal on the snout and ricocheting high up into the air.

The dinosaur roars furiously, drops Susan, and turns toward the source of the shot.

Miles Roby stands a few yards away - FLARE GUN in hand.

An incensed Spinosaurus stalks directly toward the trembling boy.

Susan, Paul, and Grant scramble out of the cage and dive into the river.

Up above, the flare reaches the top of its arc, floats down to the gas-slicked water, and just as the dinosaur approaches Miles...

WHOOOOOSHHHH...THE RIVER IGNITES IN FLAMES.

Spinosaurus roars furiously as fire spreads all around.

Paul, Grant, and Susan stare in horror as a wave of fire rolls their way.

They dive quickly underwater as the flames shoot by overhead.

Up on the surface, Spinosaurus bellows among the inferno.

Reaching the shore of the river, an exhausted Miles looks back for his companions.

Over by the wrecked barge, a roaring Spinosaurus trudges through the flames and disappears into the jungle on the far side of the river.

Grant and Paul surface nearby. Susan is no where to be found.

Paul fearfully scans the area.

PAUL

Susan.

No response.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Susan!

Then, Susan surfaces a few yards away, gasping for air.

In an instant, a relieved Paul rushes to her aid. He holds her in a strong embrace, strokes her hair, and whispers in her ear...

PAUL (CONT'D)
I thought I lost you.

Susan grips him tightly in her arms, then looks deeply into his eyes - smiling slightly. When the two finally separate, they turn to find...

Miles, silently looking on.

Susan steps toward him.

SUSAN
Miles...

But the boy turns and runs, disappearing into the jungle.

Paul looks to Susan.

PAUL
I'm sorry.

And the father races after his son.

Susan watches him go, then turns to find Grant looking on.

It takes her a moment to realize that Grant is only just now understanding the true nature of her relationship with Paul. Susan doesn't know what to say.

SUSAN
Paul and I...

GRANT
You don't owe me any explanations.

They consider one another in silence, then Susan smiles sadly.

SUSAN
Don't think I wasn't flattered.

A solemn Grant returns her smile, then heads off after Paul.

EXT. JUNGLE

Paul runs down an overgrown trail.

Up ahead, Miles disappears in the brush.

PAUL
Miles!

But the boy only quickens his pace.

Paul chases after him. And by the time, he emerges from the jungle, we find ourselves at InGen's Marina.

EXT. MARINA

Paul slowly approaches his son.

On the edge of the river, Miles stares out at the Marina's wrecked boats. He's clearly upset.

Paul studies him with concern.

MILES
We're never getting out of here.

PAUL
We'll find a way.

MILES
How? We don't even have a boat.

PAUL
Miles...

MILES
I hate it here.

Miles stares out at the night.

Paul slowly nods. His next words come with great difficulty.

PAUL
If there was anything I could do to bring her back, believe me I would.

Thrown by the sudden reference to his mother, Miles sheds a tear.

PAUL (CONT'D)
We might not understand one another. You might not even like me. But we're all we've got.

Miles averts his eyes and brushes the tears from his cheek. When he finally finds his voice, his words are bitter.

MILES
Sometimes...I wish it had been you.

Though he'd never show it, Paul is deeply pained by the words.

Miles turns on his heels and walks out on one of the docks.

Paul stares down at the water...and quietly mutters...

PAUL
So do I.

EXT. SAN JOSE AIRPORT - PRE-DAWN

Close on the ENGINE EXHAUST of an A-10 WARTHOG. A gout of flame lights up the night as the jet fires up.

HELMETED PILOTS climb up steel ladders into cockpits, and we see some of the men and women we met earlier.

CANOPIES lower into position.

GROUND CREWS race around, pulling WHEEL CHOCKS.

The MAIN ROTORS begin to spin down a line of wicked-looking APACHE HELICOPTERS.

And now, over by the airport entrance, TWO MARINES are attempting to wave off a dark sedan that is speeding toward the gate.

When it becomes apparent that the sedan isn't slowing, the Marines dive out of the way as the car SMASHES through the roadblock.

Back at the whirling Apaches, we see Colonel Peters boarding the LEAD HELICOPTER.

As the Colonel settles into place, the dark sedan races down the tarmac and screeches to a halt near the Lead Helicopter.

Finch and Parks jump out of the car and quickly approach the chopper. As he reaches the open bay, he hands Colonel Peters a photograph.

COLONEL PETERS
What is it?

FINCH
A blowup of one of the island satellite images. It's the fuselage of a small plane.

The Colonel is thrown by his comment.

FINCH (CONT'D)
We traced its serial number to a Paul Roby.

Peters seriously considers his options, then appears to reach a decision.

FINCH (CONT'D)
Colonel, if there is even the remote possibility of civilian life...

But Peters merely hands back the photograph.

COLONEL PETERS
No one could've survived a crash like this.

Finch and Peters study one another. And now Finch reaches a decision of his own.

FINCH
I'm coming with you, Sir.

The Colonel frowns as Finch boards the chopper.

ELSEWHERE ON THE TARMAC, A GROUND CREWMAN waves his glowing SIGNAL STICKS.

The APACHES lift off into the night sky.

Inside the Lead Helicopter, Finch waves to Parks, standing on the ground below. He then looks out at the impressive array.

The WARTHOGS taxi in a long line down the tarmac. One by one they turn and blast down the RUNWAY, leaving FIERY TRAILS as they rise into the western sky.

INT. MARINA BUILDING - ISLA SORNA

Having made themselves as comfortable as they can, the group lies fast asleep.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAWN

Apache Helicopters and A-10 Fighters approach low over still waters.

They are backlit by an enormous RED SUN - rising out of the ocean.

EXT. MOUNTAIN VALLEY - ISLA SORNA

A JUVENILE BRACHIOSAURUS, the same animal we saw in the jungle, eats grass in the peaceful morning light.

Its sibling grazes nearby, along with a herd of Brachiosaurs.

Then, as the Juvenile looks up...a concussion charge EXPLODES in the distance.

Now other dinosaurs are entering the far end of the valley. Concussion charges continue to explode.

And a low hum causes the creatures to look up. The noise grows steadily louder until...

APACHE HELICOPTERS EMERGE OVER A MOUNTAIN RIDGE.

The Apaches continue to set off their concussion charges, and the agitated Brachiosaurs join the passing herd of distressed dinosaurs.

INT. MARINA BUILDING

The companions sleep to the quiet thunder of distant artillery.

Grant and Susan are the first to wake. They listen to the sounds and consider one another.

After a few moments, Grant leaves the building.

Susan watches him go, and Paul and Miles slowly wake.

EXT. MARINA

With the sun rising in the east, Grant considers the occasional flash and thunder of the distant battle.

The others step up beside him, gazing forward.

PAUL
Maybe they’re looking for us.

Grant gravely studies the horizon.

GRANT
That’s no rescue mission.

Then...A LOW, EARTH-SHAKING RUMBLE ENVELOPS OUR FRIENDS.

As the rumble grows steadily louder, the group peers across the river, scanning the jungle for the source of the sound.

In the distance, the head of a BRACHIOSAURUS pushes through the trees. First one, then another...and a third. Trunks and branches snap before the giant creatures.

AND NOW THE RUMBLE RISES TO A DEAFENING ROAR.

Then, down river: A WALL OF STAMPEDING DINOSAURS SMASHES ACROSS THE WATER.

And as the BRACHIOSAURS close in, Grant turns on his heels.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Come on!

Grant races forward, leading the group through the Marina and toward the jungle beyond.

Close behind, the Brachiosaurs are crashing across the river.

Our companions tear into the jungle as the stampeding dinosaurs smash right through the Marina buildings.

EXT. THE SKIES OVERHEAD

Dropping a series of concussion charges, the helicopters herd the last of the island's dinosaurs into the Marina peninsula.

The panicked animals bottleneck as they enter the peninsula.

INT. LEAD HELICOPTER

Colonel Peters watches with satisfaction.

COLONEL PETERS
Commence phase two.

Finch scans the jungle below as the Apache helicopters pull away from the area.

Off in the distance, A-10's veer toward the island.

EXT. JUNGLE

The companions race through the undergrowth in a futile attempt to outdistance the stampede.

Grant finds a debilitated vehicle, turned over on its side.

Desperate for shelter, the group huddles behind it. As the dinosaurs draw nearer, however, Grant thinks better of it.

GRANT
Forget it, let's get out of here!

And as the companions flee the area, the rampaging dinosaurs send the vehicle tumbling forward.

Up ahead, our friends can't escape the onslaught any longer, and the roar is everywhere.

Directionless, disoriented dinosaurs careen all around them - like some hideous, never-ending nightmare.

The four companions charge through the whirlwind in a mad dash to reach higher ground and avoid being trampled, but they can't hold out much longer.

With dinosaurs barreling past, the group finally manages to wedge themselves into a small crevice, offering a few moments of relative safety.

Then, beneath the din...another roar steadily rises to a deafening pitch until...

A-10 WARTHOGS SCREAM BY JUST OVERHEAD - AND MISSILES EXPLODE THROUGHOUT THE JUNGLE.

MILES
What is it, Dr. Grant?

And as Grant peers after the jets...

GRANT
It's how the dinosaurs died.

Paul considers the passing jets, glances back at Susan and Miles, then seems to reach some sort of decision...

HE BOLTS FORWARD.

MILES (OS)
DAD!

Grant and Susan turn to find...PAUL ROBY - RUSHING OFF INTO THE TUMULT.

Dinosaurs stampede past. Missiles explode. And by the time the dust settles... there's no sign of Paul.

Miles cries out again - eyes welling with tears.

MILES (CONT'D)
NO!

He tries to run forward, but Grant forcefully restrains him. And just then, Susan spots Paul, charging through the melee.

SUSAN
OVER THERE!

Miles stares amazed as Paul scrambles toward a nearby ridge.

EXT. THE SKIES OVERHEAD

The A-10's are circling for their next pass over the island.

INT. LEAD A-10

In the cockpit of the lead A-10, the Flight Leader has the peninsula in view.

FLIGHT LEADER
All right, hotshots, fix coordinates...

INT. COCKPITS - VARIOUS

The Pilots switch on their computers, punch in numbers...

EXT. JUNGLE

Miles, Grant, and Susan watch intently as Paul lunges through the mayhem at great risk to himself.

Narrowly avoiding rampaging dinosaurs, he just makes it to the base of the rise.

AND A-10'S BLAST TOWARD THE ISLAND.

INT. LEAD A-10

The Flight Leader closes in on his target.

FLIGHT LEADER
Arm weapons...

INT. COCKPITS - VARIOUS

Again, the pilots punch in numbers on their computers.

INT. LEAD A-10

The Flight Leader's finger is poised over his launch button.

FLIGHT LEADER (V.O.)
Let 'em loose...

EXT. RIDGE

And as Paul desperately clambers up the rocky ridge, the A-10's open fire - missiles shooting downwards.

EXPLOSIONS ROCK THE JUNGLE - AND A WALL OF FIRE MOVES QUICKLY TOWARD THE RIDGE AND THE DINOSAURS BEYOND.

Paul strains with all his might to reach the top of the rise.

The wall of fire fast approaches. Paul desperately waves.

But the missiles are not to be stopped. One after the other, they shoot from beneath the wings of the A-10's.

And the explosions are now reaching the base of Paul's ridge.

INT. LEAD A-10

The dinosaurs are indicated on the computer of the Flight Leader. And just as the barrage is about to reach its mark...

THE PILOT SPOTS PAUL ON TOP OF THE RIDGE - WAVING WILDLY.

FLIGHT LEADER
CEASE FIRE, CEASE FIRE - ABORT ATTACK.

EXT. RIDGE

As the wall of fire climbs the ridge toward Paul...suddenly, the explosions stop.

And the jets peel off - just over the head of Paul and the dinosaurs below.

INT. LEAD HELICOPTER

Colonel Peters watches with concern.

COLONEL PETERS
Captain, you are *not* to discontinue this attack. Is that understood?

FLIGHT LEADER
We've got a man down there, Sir.

The Colonel looks up to find Harlan Finch, staring straight at him.

The Colonel grits his teeth.

EXT. RIDGE

Battered and exhausted, Paul sighs in relief as the A-10's circle away from the island.

Turning on his heels, he quickly climbs back down the ridge.

Down below, Miles breaks free of Grant and races in the direction of his father.

And as Paul reaches the base of the ridge...MILES BARRELS INTO HIS ARMS.

They lock in a tight, emotional embrace.

Paul rocks his son in his arms, eyes moist with tears.

Susan and Grant watch from a distance - deeply moved.

Overhead, the Lead Helicopter hovers toward the beach.

EXT. RIVER

Finch escorts the survivors toward the Lead Helicopter, now situated on a sand flat near the river.

Finch, Grant, and Colonel Peters walk side by side, shouting over the sound of the rotating helicopter blades.

GRANT
I never thought I'd be so glad to see you, Finch.

FINCH
That makes two of us.

GRANT
We found your culprit. It's a flying reptile.

FINCH
I know. Some fishermen hauled one up in their net.

GRANT
We trapped five in an aviary.

COLONEL PETERS
Well done. We'll get to them when we're finished here.

Grant stops dead in his tracks. As he looks to the Colonel, Finch warily eyes the both of them.

GRANT
What do you mean?

COLONEL PETERS
I can't have those lizards flying to the coast every time they're feeling a little peckish.

GRANT
Believe me, those lizards aren't going anywhere.

COLONEL PETERS
There could be dozens out there.

GRANT
Then at some point, they'll return to the nests. Wiping out the island will only force them to roost elsewhere.

The Colonel considers the stubborn paleontologist with a troubled expression. He fears where this is going.

COLONEL PETERS
Get on board the chopper, Doctor.

But Grant doesn't budge. Stand off.

GRANT
As soon as those jets are called off, and we handle this right.

COLONEL PETERS
If you think I'll stop this attack for one man refusing to leave the island...

GRANT
That's a chance I'll have to take.

And on that, the Colonel draws a gun and aims it a Grant.

COLONEL PETERS
This is a military operation, Grant, and I order you to board this chopper.

But Grant starts to slowly back up.

GRANT
You're going to have to shoot me, Sir.

And indeed, Colonel Peters cocks his gun.

But Grant only quickens his retreat. And as Peters stares down the barrel of his gun...

FINCH
Does this come under the heading of collateral damage, Colonel?

Reaching the edge of the jungle, Grant glances back at his companions - first to Paul, then to Susan and Miles.

The boy watches him sadly. Susan stands behind him with her hands on his shoulders.

And Grant vanishes into the brush.

Finch watches him go with an almost imperceptible smile.

Colonel Peters shakes his head, then finally lowers his gun.

INT. LEAD HELICOPTER

The helicopter is lifting off Isla Sorna. Paul's got his arm around his son. Susan sits close by.

As the chopper veers toward the ocean, the three of them look back on the island they wanted so desperately to escape.

No longer facing the Air Force's threat from above, the dinosaurs are starting to regroup.

And on a ridge overlooking the shore...is Grant himself, waving after them.

EXT. RIDGE

Standing in the light of the rising sun, the paleontologist turns toward the island.

The dinosaurs have calmed considerably since we last saw them. Lost Juveniles are joyfully reunited with their parents, and herds of Hadrosaurs are gradually reestablished.

Grant listens to their reassuring calls and watches with satisfaction as the dinosaurs slowly return to the jungle...

THE END